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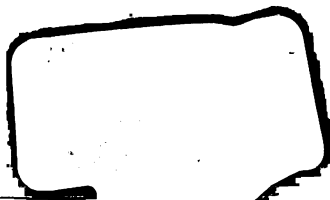
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JERKS IN FROM SHORT-LEG.

JERKS IN FROM SHORT-LEG.

BY QUID.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. DU BELLEW, ESQ.

Quid.



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APOLOGY.



TO THE MEMBERS OF THE M. C. C.

GENTLEMEN,

WE are strengthened in taking this step by knowing (and knowledge is power) that we are unknown to a vast section amongst you; not one of you (we believe) possesses any likeness of or resemblance to us—Wathlotype or otherwise. So that in these *omnium gatherum* photographic albuminous days, we do with some natural pride consider ourselves strangers to you, and therefore entitled to take some liberties, which you would certainly resent in a friend,—for we all know how cordially we dislike our good-natured friends—those “prophets of the past,” who never omit to remind us in their pleasant way of how we failed on such a day, and how if we had only done so and so it must

have been otherwise: and all in that unquestionably sweet current of *inuendo*, which lends to our old brown sherry the acrid flavour of Montilla, and almost induces us to believe that we cracked our tooth at the moment when our filberts tasted most nutty.

As strangers then we have no diffidence in dedicating the following mementos of many a happy day spent on most of the merry playing fields of old England, to ye, the Members of the M. C. C.

It is impossible for anyone who loves as we do the genial intercourse of the cricket field to engraft upon its sunny recollections aught that can tend to embitter one's relations with playmates. In the excitement of the game, we, in common with all others worthy of the name of cricketer, have often been tempted to curse the fate that threw us amongst so many muffs; but we appeal to all (if there are any) as honest as ourselves, to bear us out in this reflection: that the veriest muff has often made the "catch" of the match, whilst his more gifted brother has missed the easiest of chances. Of cricket it has been well said—"*Heu! tantum est errare.*"

Now, gentlemen, it is *not* because collectively you are the fountain of all wisdom that has ever welled out of the realm of cricket; because

to you is entrusted the sacred office of revising or instituting laws of cricket (for we don't believe a dozen of you—always excepting your august committee—could repeat by heart the forty-seven laws laid down from time to time by your distinguished club);—but, because *individually*, on many grounds besides your own, you have often gratuitously presented to our notice contrasts the most “striking,” and situations the most laughable, that we presume to dedicate to you our observations at Short-leg.

We shall discuss more fully hereafter the peculiar advantages of that unenviable post; suffice it here to say that we have watched many of you closely, have caught many of you out in little peccadillos, and have long stopped from indulging in a loud laugh at your expense from our own increasing infirmities.

It is then as a tardy acknowledgment of the amusement you have so often afforded to us in the field, that we beg of you to accept this Apology for a Dedication in our Jerks in from Short-Leg.

le

JERKS IN FROM SHORT-LEG.



CRICKET AS A PROFESSION.



IT is natural to an Englishman to become wrapped up body and soul in whatever he takes up. Squire Linseed looks forward to each recurring December—like a schoolboy to the holidays—as the month in which his well-fed ox will appear at Islington. His eye glistens as he perceives its fat sides daily yielding less to the unctuous touch; he has watched the beast increase in bulk till his own stomach has almost become identified with that of the animal; he has repeatedly convinced himself of the quality of the animal's food by a nibble at the turnip or smell at the cake. His dreams are of happy pastures, where Herefordshire and Devon fatten spontaneously, and where the gale is sweetened with the incense of the cattle-yard. If he has a night-mare, it takes the form of the cattle plague. His last prize pig's medal is gazed at every morning with genuine pride. In much the same way, though with a

Enthusiasm
British.

Squire
Linseed.

The Ox.

The Pig.

Mr. Nimrod. different object, Mr. Nimrod looks upon an ox with interest, inasmuch as it is an animal requiring a double rail or high bank to curb its propensities, which gives him an opportunity on at least six days of the week of showing the way over Leicestershire. How *he* looks forward to the first Tuesday in November, and how cordially he welcomes the first frost that will shake the leaf out of the hedge, and restore vision to the ditch. What are the gorgeous woodland tints of autumn to him? They represent the departure of the deadly-dull summer; and the

Hue and Cry. "hue" of the tree is as nothing compared to the "cry" of the hounds as they crash through the bull-finch at the well-known corner, and he is away with a good start on the best flyer that man ever crossed. His life is concentrated into five months' earnest pursuit of one object. How sickening to him is that faint smell of the early primrose,—how oppressive that odour of the woodland violet! These are no scents to his liking—for do they not herald the approach of the listless summer?

Horace.

The Bagman
and the Bag.

Omnes eodem—we are all as keen as mustard in our own line. The barrister looks forward to the first day of Term—the gunner to the 1st of September: Westminster Hall and the turnip-field have each their devotees; and we believe there is no keener eye than that of your red bagman to the game that may be flushed in court. And is there not varied sport at his command, from the wholesale forgery of an M.P. down to the *retail* conjugal business which gives him a chance for many a double shot, as the latter cases are generally "got up" by pairs. Well, whatever our line is—gun, horse, or "with you, Mr. Jester, one hundred guas."—each of us looks forward to our particular season, and regrets it when it is gone. We don't quite cotton satisfactorily to

any other than our own ; and as violets are distasteful to the huntsman, so is gas to the gunner, and the pure air of heaven—unladen with Gas. recitals of human torts—untainted with sighs of disappointed suitors— Oxygen. to our red-bagman.

In accordance with these sentiments, does not the 1st of each succeeding May strike a chord in every cricketer's breast? He now has five months before him, and out of the green baize comes the well-oiled bat, and rapidly turns the lathe wheel of the bat-maker to complete the many hundred orders for new handles !

Now, in what consists the profession of a cricketer ?

Cricket as a
Profession.

Can it be that the prosecution of a simple game can entitle its votaries to the distinction of a profession ?



We have only to read the advertisements, or if we are secretaries of any county or metropolitan clubs, to pay but a passing attention to

our correspondence to be satisfied that at the present day, how or why we care not to analyse, cricket is a profession, and a very hard-working one, too.

Its Requirements.

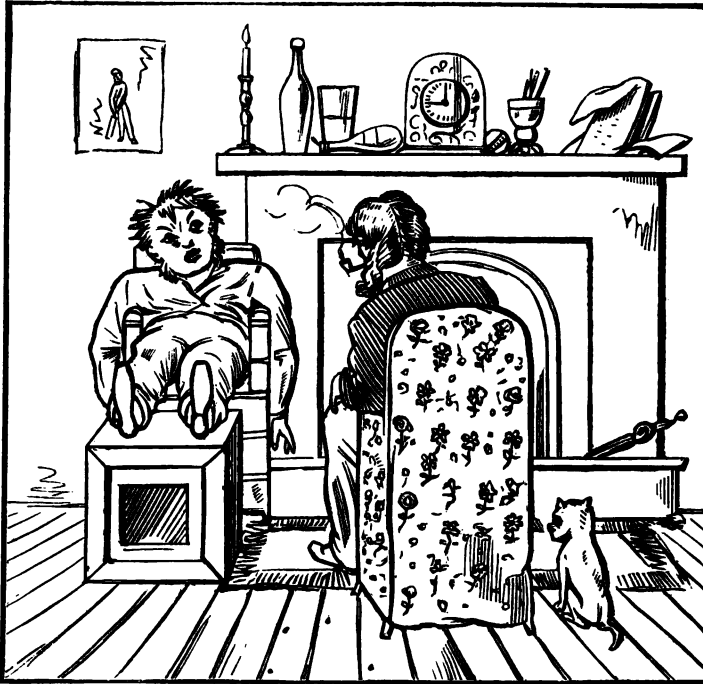
What are its requirements?—



Are you a bowler?

Go down to your village green and publicly announce that you are willing to bowl to anybody for a whole day for *nothing*, and tell us privately in the evening whether you dont think after all that the exertion is worth something more than a pint at the problematic fall of a wicket. Take the same Quixotic turn into your head after a good innings the previous evening at claret or brandy and soda, with any given amount of tobacco,

And perhaps you will be able to give us some tolerable statistics



as to whether cricket is at all dependent *on*, if not *in perfection* impossible *without* a due regard to, sobriety and temperance.

The requirements of the cricket profession may indeed be very shortly summed up :

“Natural gifts, attended by regularity of habits.”

No heel taps! No professional drunkard has ever made a great professional cricketer, nor ever will.



Juvenal.

The moral
screw.

A bowler may improve by practice, but his bowling "*descendit cælo*," his "twist," or "break back," dates prior even to his swaddling clothes.—His natural gifts will lead him to "excellence;" his regularity of habits will alone enable him to sustain it.

Cicero.

The game has of late made gigantic strides, and has taken firm hold upon the juvenile mind. It is openly encouraged by every sensible parent, pastor, and master. It has become a recognized science, and, like every other science, it calls for professors to cultivate and develop its growth. It is a "*vexata quæstio*" how the professors should be sup-

ported. Some affirm that they have every right to dictate their own terms to the public ; whilst others as stoutly proclaim that the public, who *support* the profession, are too much dependent on the professors. Now we have no intention of pandering to the curiosity of those who wish to know what are our private notions of the proper remuneration for the professors. We shall only indulge in certain *considerations*, and leave the intelligent public quite in the dark as to our private *convictions*. Consider your verdict.

The professors of the present day are divided into two classes : Professors.
the First Class P., coming in early and going out late ; and the Second Class P., a hardy sort, and not everlasting.

A First-Class P. has certain claims upon the public. He has risen 1st Class P.
to excellence through a rigid exercise of honesty and temperance, the two essentials of a cricketer, and too high a value can scarcely be set on these qualities. In virtue of this position, he is appointed (let us say) to the charge of one of our public schools' eleven. Great judgment is doubtless necessary in his selection, for he *may* leaven the whole eleven ; The leaven of the Eleven.
we have seen the faults of one player illustrate a school's play for several seasons. The question of remuneration for a First Class P. in such a situation can only be met with a due regard to the recognized advantage derivable from his finished style of batting or bowling, and capability of imparting his science.

We all know that boys are more apt to take impressions from open air lessons than from those given in the muggy schoolroom, and at this moment, who can tell how many village F.'s or mute inglorious G.'s Gray.
are wasting their energies on some rural green, who, under the eye of a judicious professor, would have risen to eminence.

First Class Professors are very rare in this or any other profession, and are entitled, whatever Oxford may say to the contrary, to its highest emoluments, whether engaged in some private capacity, or in the public matches of the season.

It is worthy of consideration, whether the public is not nowadays too hasty in promoting to the First Class many of the



“Hardy sort,” or Second Class Professors,
about whom we purpose to jerk in a few reflections.

By Second Class Professors, we mean those *candidates* for public 2nd Class P. applause, who are still playing "on their merits," but have not risen to such eminence as to justify their appointment to responsible offices, like those at the public schools. They are a clamorous body, and Their clamor, and private opinion. are gregarious, and are only *not* First Class Professors in the eyes of sensible men. In their own opinion, *to a man*, they are, and the public, with indiscriminate zeal, too often encourages them in their belief.

We are loth to admit, but we are very much afraid it is a growing evil, that professional cricket is lapsing into *£ s. d.* Matches are nowa- Money. days becoming speculative, and the cricketer's hand is not more often in the pocket than his eye is on the gate. When W. Clark, like Thespis Ans Port. of old, first carried his troop about the country in vans, to show the yokel



What could be done with the willow blade and leathern sphere,

He revived the slumbering embers of the game on many a green that was still hallowed by the name of the cricket ground, but where a dark green patch or two were the sole memorials of games once played. His troop was the first to introduce the game into many parts of England, and gave such an impulse to it, as to be justly entitled to all the money it made. Old Spades, the sexton (who in every village remembers more than everybody else) wondered very much on their advent, whether there was any one amongst them as "could hit her as high as Old Squire Acres used to do," and was proportionately disgusted when he found the new *régime* had taken to cutting daisies, instead of scraping the sky.

A patch of
green.

Spades, the
Sexton.

The Scythe.

The Balloon.

Latin
Grammar.

But "*tempora mutantur.*" The game is now established from Cornwall to Perth; and can any substantial gain accrue to cricket from periodical visits of the A.E.E., or U.A.E.E., or U.S.E.E., or any other of the hydra-headed E.'s, to the rural districts of England! Look at the matches themselves—what are they? Take one out of a hundred—Twenty-two of Igh Olborne *v.* the All England Eleven! Does any reasonable man (if there is one) in a village like Igh Olborne, expect for a moment that his contingent will be successful? Oh dear, no! but he does look forward to Mr. C. or Mr. H. (all professors are now Misters) pitching into poor young Tompson's bowling; and sure enough they do, as well as into poor young Simpson's, and Ball's, the local prof.

Igh Olborne.

We dont think an introduction is required to the gentleman whose features are portrayed in the next page. Everybody knows him

well, who has ever attended a twenty-two match. We allude to

Old Boniface



who rubs his hands and chuckles, as he sees the ground filling, for Mr. C.'s long innings (well played for, we allow, although the bowling is bad) is £20 in B.'s pocket; the speculation is a right good one, thanks also to Mr. H., who carries his bat out for 101, and who shall have an extra

sov., in return for the extra amount of beer consumed during his extraordinary long innings. What has any one of the distinguished I. O. Twenty-two learnt, in his short and eventful experience, at the hands of these professors? He has found out that there is no exaggeration in the public prints about Mr. T.'s fast bowling—the big black lump on his shin convinces him of that, if the puffed-up thumb is not sufficient; he finds it is safer to stop at home if Mr. L. is at the wicket, though it will not stop him running out, even to a short one, when he has

Fast Bowling.

The Shin.
The Thumb.



Old Jarvey, the I.O. wicket-keeper,

behind him. He is forced to admit that Balls is only a very second-rate prof.; and he, perhaps, regrets that he missed Mr. C. or Mr. H. before he got 5.

We really believe that no individual in I. O. is benefited more than

we have attempted to describe. Old Boniface will certainly tell you Boniface.
a different story: he says (and how pleasantly the money rattles in his
capacious pocket)—“That there is nothing like bringing them first-raters His Story.
down into a quiet secluded spot, like I. O. It wakes the beggars up like,
and shows them how the manly game of cricket can be played; it
takes the conceit out of that chap, Balls, who is too proud to hold an Balls.
'oss. And it brings the folk together in an innocent way, promoting
conviviality in every respect.” We quite agree with Mr. B. in the latter
part of his remarks, but we must consider him a prejudiced party, being
the “*fons et origo*” of the speculation, taking the gate-money, and making Latin Grammar.
a very nice thing out of it *indeed*. We don't blame him at all, we only
say that we do not clearly see that cricket gains, even in a very small
proportion to Mr. B., by matches of this description. There are at
least fifty matches of this sort during the season. We feel we are
wandering from our text, but what preacher, in the course of a long Spurgeon.
sermon, does not? We consider that the public would be conferring a
benefit upon cricket, if it were not to encourage the *Pot-house* class of The Pot-house.
matches; for we consider that they tend to bring discredit on the
“profession.” Money, we fear, must enter into every mundane *con-*
sideration, or we should express a wish that the professors would, once
in a season, meet for the honour and glory of the game, and not for the
chink and rattle of the coin. If the public will still lavish its coin upon
its favourites, *for the sake of the game*, we entreat thee, O Plebs., to be
quite as generous, but less *lavish*—draw a line between the professors
themselves, distinguishing between the tyro and the “*emeritus*.” So Classical Dictionary.
will it become an object of ambition for the young gladiator to excel. Gladiator.

We wish also that the professor should be led to feel what he is prone to ignore, viz. :



His dependency on the generosity of the patrons of the game.

His services are not likely to be *undervalued* ; but his best patron is he who will see that the reward is well earned ere it be tendered. The professors no doubt, with some degree of self-justification, allege that they have only the summer before them—that they abandon more lucrative pursuits for the sake of cricket: that in return for their self-sacrifice they are entitled to make their own terms with the public, who must be direct gainers by their exertions, as by them the game is imparted with the latest improvements to the rising generation. They

must make their hay while their sun shines. Age will soon bowl them out ;



Younger aspirants tread closely on their heels ;

and all they have to look forward to, when the eye has lost its keenness, the arm its muscle, and the system its nerve, is the precarious existence of an umpire.—There is much truth in all this reasoning, but let the professors remember these facts :—

They have adopted the profession from choice ;

Reflections.

That it is of its nature a fleeting one ;

That it does not necessarily debar them from following in some measure other professions ;

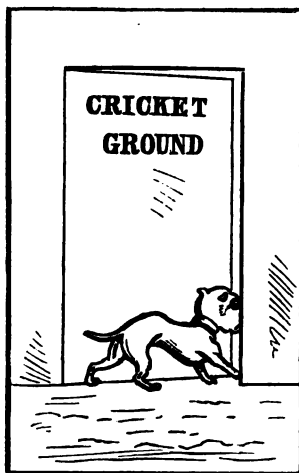
That they invariably should do so if they have a chance.

Let them also reflect whether the game, which they are proud of asserting to be the purest of English pastimes, is heightened in public estimation by any approach to "speculation." Why does the game stand so high amongst prudent paterfamilias, head-masters of schools, and dons of colleges, to say nothing of the less learned and less discriminating British public? It is *because* hitherto the game is *believed* to be played for honour and glory only, combined with a reasonable remuneration to the players. Why is it so generally applauded, and why has it never been spoken of with disparagement, even by *The Record*? *Because* it is popularly supposed to be the most honest, the least litigious, and most friendly of amusements.

The Don.

The Dolt.

The Record.



But is there not creeping stealthily

into our noble English pastime a spirit of emulation, which may be construed into "calculation?" Is it so very free from all that is objectionable?

Are there not latterly rumours of disagreements, divisions,



and petty jealousies amongst our "peaceful brethren of the willow?" We have heard, with grief, of a split in our Cricket Family, and with one of its most attached relations. It is not in our province to probe the wound, we are averse even to prescribing any course of treatment; we should like to see the wound healed; and wherever and whenever we can introduce some of our "nostrums," without fear of being considered a quack, but with a view to allay the existing irritation, we intend to do so.

The Doctor.

Our Ointment.

And now for another *consideration*.—Are there not nowadays too many wandering units acknowledged by the public as professors of cricket? Putting Mr. Boniface on one side (which, of course, is the inside), what outsider, who is fond of cricket, can possibly feel interested in three All England Elevens? Curiously enough, the two eldest

Boniface.

Owe their origin to a squabble, more or less justifiable,



not to an extended desire on the part of the public to see first-class cricket. The cause of the first rupture amongst the professors has long been lying in his grave. Cricket owes so much to him, that no remark should now be made that might seem to tarnish his reputation. That rupture, indeed, led to a profitable result, as it brought about an annual display of strength between two rival factions, and in a very short time, no spirit existed between the parties save that of generous rivalry.

But again has the Demon of Discord taken guard at the wicket,



and unless he is at once bowled out, will prove a very ugly customer. Let us unite in dislodging him, or rather, let us dig a hole in a corner of some transpontine ground, that shall be nameless, bury him decently, and shake hands all round over his grave !

A Funeral.

Feu de Joie.

This leads us to a further *consideration*: that if a *division* is inevitable amongst our professors, would not a geographical one be

Division of
Labour.

more acceptable than one dictated by temper, or petty jealousy? Let us divide our "talent" into equal pieces—call one "The North," the other "The South;" surely the only possible quarrel (are we too sanguine?) would then be on the score of a parish register, or attributable to a district surveyor, or any other man who might be appointed to draw the long clothes line across England. This grand division would surely be more salutary than the petty divisions, multiplications, implications, subtractions, and exaggerations, suggested by any party or individual.

The Long
Clothes Line.

'Ions in the
Fire.

Queer Street.

Somebody!

The Betting.

A Mentor.

The Dam.

Poetry.

And now for another *consideration*.—Is not our cricket becoming *diluted*? We will explain the term by an illustration:—One of our most celebrated amateur clubs, some few years ago, found itself in Queer Street; a meeting was held—no matter who in the chair—in the neighbourhood, to deliberate on the course of action that should restore vitality to the club. Somebody (of whom there were many present) proposed to extend the privileges of the club to all that were clamorous at the gates for entrance; and he contended, that in the rush for places some Derby winner would turn up amongst the outsiders. The specious proposal was greeted with applause; in another moment, the flood-gates would have been opened; when a Mentor arose, and in four words, dammed the agitation and saved the club—"Dissolve, but dont dilute." And so suggest we of the hundred headed A.E.E.'s. You are diluting the pure and genuine stream of cricket, you are ramifying into a hundred muddy channels, and we shall soon fail to distinguish the parent bed. We only want *one* generous stream, on whose banks our willow may flourish. The three great tributaries, known as A.E.E., U.A.E.E.,

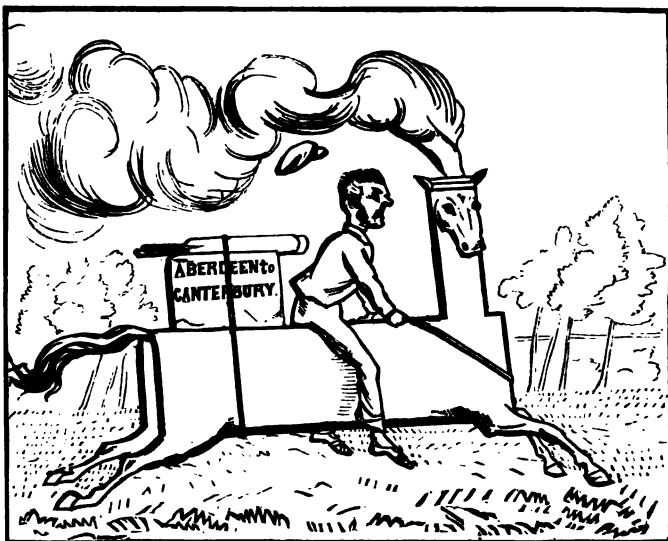
U.S.E.E., instead of strengthening the main channel, tend only to undermine its banks. *Dissolve your triple alliance*, and let our unlettered *stream* run pure as of yore.

Why are we bored to death by old, and not very old, cricketers Old Fogies. with the constant remark that there is no bowling nowadays, a very loose style of batting, no fielding—in fact, *nothing* like it was twenty years ago. Can we deny it? Or is it only the tendency of the veterans to cling to the memories of their happy past? We do, and we dont, agree with them. We do agree that the bowling is not so deadly as of yore; that a different, and perhaps looser, style is now in vogue amongst batsmen; and that catches nowadays are perhaps less certain than in the silk-stock and white-hat period of the game (though of this we Shorts. entertain modified doubts). But we disagree with the *tone* of their remarks. We are satisfied that for one good bowler of former days there are now twenty decent ones; and that it has been discovered that runs can be got safely without that marked deference to the straight ball that was formerly paid to it.

The fact is—there is too much cricket: we want quality, not A Fact. quantity; and the professors, by banding together, instead of being distributed throughout the country, have taken all the plums and left Plum-dough. us generally to get on as well as we can with the dough. How often does any gentleman in the course of the season have the pleasure of meeting the crack bowlers of the day, unless he is a latitudinarian, and qualified to play for any twenty-two; and we cannot imagine any The Cosmopolite. gentleman playing more than once a season in company with any twenty-two, unless he goes in simply for the pot-house social view of

cricket,—in which case he is little better than the looker on. "*Spectator functusque sacris et potus et exlex.*"

Horace.



Steam is answerable in a great measure for the failure of our bowling.

If young Armstrong, for the sake of a five-pound note, scuttles off to Aberdeen to play for his many-lettered "E." against the long and lean-shanked Highlander, and, after giving him his porridge without difficulty, dashes back again, travelling all night, to meet the cream of Surrey, Buckingham, or Kent, how can he be expected to act up to his name or reputation? There can be no question about it—"he is stale." We dont hear—at least we dont know—an instance of a sportsman hunting on Monday with Lord Wemyss, Tuesday with the Pytchley, Wednesday with the East Kent, and Thursday in the Isle of Wight, supposing him

The Stale
Professor.

to have a separate establishment in each county; and yet it is quite sufficient to look at the advertized list of matches in which our professors are engaged, to see at a glance that they are taxed beyond their physical powers. We must, therefore, either cease to expect that our bowling will improve, or we must combine to withdraw our patronage from the roving "E.'s", and so compel them to descend—(and we are not sure that a little fall in their own opinion would do some of them any harm just now)—to the more natural sphere of usefulness open to them as the paid professor in our county clubs. At no period in its history has the game been so popular as at this moment: there are hundreds of clubs open to every professor of character and ability; and we feel assured that were all the "E.'s" to be struck out of the alphabet, and dotted about the country in the way we suggest, a very few seasons would enable us to adopt quite a new language when speaking of the *progress* of the science.

Sunday
Reading.

Babel:
Dispersion of
the Alphabet.

During the past season we have heard the remark made on many cricket grounds—the professor's batting has not been up to the mark.

It has lost its elasticity.



We *are* inclined to the belief that many of our best bats are a

The Sprung
Bat.

wee bit sprung, not beyond, and we hope not *above* mending—requiring, *above* all things, *rest*. It may be urged, that if the high-class professors are driven to earn a living in all parts of the country, each on his own merits, in his own locality, that an injustice will be done to the hard-working and less highly paid junior professor, who of course cannot pretend to vie with his more favoured brother, and who would be compelled to abandon his situation, and fall back on the resources (whatever they are) of a second-class cricketer, without any other apparent means of living.

Hanging.

An
Advantage.

But we hang up our reasoning on the same rusty old nail, and repeat our belief that cricket will probably gain by the momentary suppression of certain of her junior professors, whose emoluments are not of a sufficiently high character either to keep them very respectable, or to secure their provision for the wet days that come upon cricketers in common with all men. Besides, after all, is there not plenty of room ?

Cricket : its
Crust and its
Crumbs.

Cricket is rapidly extending, and as cricket is the least crusty of games, there are as many crumbs to be picked up in that as in any other profession that has sport for its object.

The R. M.

Newmarket.

The Tyke,
no Beauty.

It is far from our intention to dissuade any aspirants from joining the profession ; as a class we have a great respect for the professors, and we have known very few instances where the Raw Material—picked up on the hills of Surrey, the plains of Cambridge, amidst the smoke of Nottingham, among the pits of Yorkshire—has not been converted into very useful, if not ornamental, members of society. Our grounds are free from many of the evil weeds that are peculiar to the Turf. We believe the greater portion of them to be in “perfect playing condition ;”

and if we apply the *scythe* at all, it is to remove (if our edge is keen enough) the few thistles that are on the outside, the seeds of which may be scattered by the public breath over the country, until even the asses shall cry "enough." Our only wish is to forestall the ass. We do not expect one-half of the cricketing world to read these remarks, or one-quarter to agree with them. But supposing, for the sake of argument, that one-half will read, and one-quarter does admit, "There is something rotten in the state of Cricketdom," we will appeal to that sensible contingent to endorse our remarks.

The Thistle.

The Ass.

Shakespeare.

Ere we dismiss the subject for ever, we will jerk in a few parting admonitions: nobody is required to swallow more than he likes, but we shall feel easier when we are rid of them.

The Jerk in.

Quirites! Patroni! Do not allow your ardour for the success of cricket to blind you to the increasing demands, but failing powers, of its professors. That decrease of power is attributable to the inconsiderate support you give to them.

Cicero.

Let not our simple pastime become too luxuriant by too profuse patronage. Attend to the parent plant: prune away carefully all the offshoots that are not likely to grow into useful plants. Exercise a judicious patronage over the most worthy professors. Keep a blind eye for the gate, and a deaf ear for old Boniface. Hang up these golden precepts in letters worthy of a Cremorne fête:—

The Gardener.

Blind and Deaf.

Cremorne.
E. T. Smith.

We listen to no quarrel.

We side with no party.

Our hand is open, and our justice is even, to all alike, on this condition:—

The
Condition.

The professors shall be dependent upon *us*, not we upon the professors.

Our Pill
wont kill.

We have not gilded our pill, and its ingredients may be crude, but, at least, it is free from the poison of any personal or private interest. Swallow it or not, it is the same thing to us; and in any case, for you, my sensible contingent, it is a consolation to know that you have not paid a high fee (only seven shillings and sixpence) to the doctor, even if you reject his physic.

No Cure,
no Pay.



THE FIELD.



YES! my young friends, you have lost the toss, and out in the The Toss. Field you must go! There is no mistake about that penny-piece: heads is heads, and tails is tails, wherever the British equivalent for that sum is hazarded on a spin. The winning of the toss is a decided point in the game; and only under very peculiar circumstances will a judicious general refuse to take advantage of it, and decline to "go in." On the best grounds, *the first innings* is an advantage; and even in bad weather, C'est le premier pas qui coûte. on a heavy wicket, we are inclined to think that the batsman has less difficulties to meet than either bowler or fieldsman. The shooter is less deadly—the bailer less probable; the steady player only requires more patience, and the hitter more powder.

Now let us look at you *in the Field*. We are glad to see that most of you are clad alike, *and in white—the true cricketer's colour*. When- "In white arrayed." ever a side turns out like a rainbow at play, we always expect (and are tri. seldom disappointed) to see more attention paid to the sit of a shirt than the fall of the ball; a great number of catches are numbered

The Bowlers. amongst the unaccepted through those dire pitfalls of cricket—the pockets. We trust you know who your bowlers are. You very probably wont put the right man on to the particular victim, but we conclude you will not have slow bowling on at each end, unless your “fast” is very bad indeed. Take our advice, and begin with your best. It very often happens in a match nowadays, that you soon get to the bottom of that best : nevertheless, begin with it. You know that it is not advisable for the bowlers to take any place that demands much throwing : so husband them in the slips, and recommend them simply to jerk in.

Point. To begin with “Point.”—We always notice there are a great many candidates for this post. It is a nice conversational post : in the middle of the game, plenty of society, little walking, many very easy chances, and always ready excuses for the hot 'uns. “My dear fellow, it would have cut me in two”—and that sort of thing. If you have many candidates,



Prefer the stoutest.

He wont be able to get away from the warm ones, and what his hands

miss his body will frequently embrace and hold fast. We have known several plethoric gentlemen make excellent points. He musn't be a sleepy chap, all the same ; and if you once detect him with his hands in his pockets, cashier him instantly. Above all, see that he stands up close, and not on whispering terms with *Cover-Point*, who should partake Cover-Point. of the subtle qualities of the cat—

Always on the alert : ready
to dash forward—prompt to
get back.



Choose your most active man for this post, and one who will try for every chance—not him who prefers to take those only that he is less likely to miss. He must have a good return,—must not be particular to a nail about the wicket-keeper's fingers, or even head ; and able, if necessary to cut a stump out of the ground three times in four. But let him always give the wicket-keeper the chance of running a man "out." To say nothing of the greater probability of the "run out," a A Random Shot.

random shot at the wicket, instead of a rapid and direct return to the keeper, is more conducive to making a short one into a long four (over-throw).

Long-Field.

Long-field, Off and On.—Both require good *ground* men :



By which we mean men that can stoop.

Both of these situations are often applied for by the muff, because he imagines that if he makes a mistake, there will be somebody to back him up ; we have seen him allow the bowler to remedy his mistake. *Long-on*, perhaps, requires the less watchful, but many a run can and will be stolen to a stolid occupier of this post. *Don't put a stout man in* either, and invariably here, if nowhere else, sew up the pockets. Both must be ready to obey the slightest order of the bowler, for they represent to him the side pockets of a billiard table, the batsman repeatedly playing into either, if the bowler be a knowing one. So don't choose a sulky or touchy gentleman for either of these places.

Banting.

Long-Leg.

You are sure not to have more than two men on your side who can throw, so they must be your *Long-legs*. They *should* be able to catch,

but really nowadays there seems to be no use in insisting on that *Formerly*, missing a catch



Was as offensive to a man, as the smell of an onion is to a maiden's nostril.

Now, almost the first question put to the returning fieldsman is, "How many did you miss?" and the batsman curses his luck, whenever and by whosoever he may happen to be caught. Impress upon your *Long-leg* the value of *throwing low*; desire him always to pick up the ball clean before he commences to throw, and never to pause in the return, therein lays the secret of saving the "two." Let him also always try for

everything that approximates to a chance. Anybody who has seen E. M. Grace or



A. Lubbock in the field, will understand the force of this remark.

Long-Stop.

Long-stop must be your plodding, industrious fellow, not given to jocular remark, or capable of much observation or calculation, beyond the number of balls to the over. He should not be too fat, as he will have his belly full of stooping. In default of hands he must use his legs ;



In default of both—his head,

or any other part of his body. The ball must be stopped at all hazards,

as nothing so completely demoralizes a bowler as bad long-stopping. His return should be rapid, but his attention should be directed to stopping and picking up the ball clean. Dont allow him to use pads: Pads. gloves may be used when the hands grow tender, though in such case we recommend a new long-stop ; and it will sometimes be found advisable to take off the fast bowler, as, unless wickets are falling to him (when a few extras *can* be spared), there is no particular advantage in damaging the gentleman who so kindly exposes his person to the No Cruelty. popper and shooter in the capacity of long-stop. It seldom happens too that you will find two long-stops on your side—we have known sides where there was not even *one*.

He musn't think of his shins



till he gets home, when we advise him to send to the nearest chemist.

Short-Leg.—This place should be filled by a cheerful man. His Short-Leg. responsibilities are not so great as those of any other situation ; he

D

should be ready with a cheerful remark, and so generally to keep the game alive. In other words,



Put your comic man here.

He must be always ready to back up ;



But a caper, or an antic does not
come amiss at short-leg.

Dont let him talk to the umpire ; but dont let him shrink from knocking

that individual down should it be necessary to do so in order to make a catch. Short-leg should be careful how he throws ; he should have no private animosity or misunderstanding with the wicket-keeper, for he is No Malice. in a position to inflict upon that gentleman grievous bodily harm.

He should be a man of observation, for no two men play the same at a leg-ball ; and he should be ready even to anticipate any wish of the bowler, by watching the batsman's play on the leg side, as many a run is saved by paying attention to the first few overs to each batsman.

Wicket-keeper.—Have you got one ? Yes,—then you are in luck. Wicket Keeper. No,—then what are you to do ? We confess it is a difficult question to answer. Perhaps the best course is to consult the field generally whether they, or any of their relations, ever filled the situation. Talent sometimes is hereditary. We remember a case where a gentleman was W. Pitt. desired to fill the post, from his stating that he had once heard his father say that he had put the gloves on, but he wasn't sure whether it was in the cricket-field or the P.R. Many men have risen to eminence with no better recommendation than this. We are inclined to think that, except with slow bowling—where even an apology is better than none—the wickets had better not be kept at all. Your flashy and funky keeper is a terrible worry to the long-stop and slips. It is impossible to estimate too highly the qualities that make up a good wicket-keeper. It demands the quickest of eye, the staunchest of nerve, the Advice gratis. steadiest of purpose, the most unflinching of resolution. But to the eye and nerve that makes the post pre-eminent, must be added the judgment and art of directing, that will keep all the other posts alive to their work. All my eye.

The hand, not the voice,



must be ready to signify the change required by the batsman's play, and as from his position he is the best judge, so should he be the first to recommend any change in the bowling; strictly speaking, he is the only man in the field entitled to make a remark at all. If he is not, he should be the captain. He should endeavour to inculcate a good style of throwing in, but he should not be above taking a half-volley or a one-hander high to the right or left. As he for the most part tries, and gets his fingers ends repeatedly warmed in so trying, more allowance should be made for him than for any other man; and as we have hinted above, an unnecessary hard throw at him is wanton cruelty.

No Pride.

The Humane
Society.

You have now all your field in their places, and are only waiting

(as you often will have to wait) for the umpire to leave the tavern and call "play." So the ball begins rolling ; and after all we have said, we dare swear, before we leave the ground, that half the field have already their hands in their pockets. Point and cover-point are synonymous terms ; short-leg is talking to the umpire ; long-field on is smoking a pipe ; long-field off has a stable jacket on ; and the only man in his place, and he probably is playing the fool at the wrong moment, is short-leg.—Such is the fate of every preacher since the days of Solomon.

The Fate of
Solomon.



U M P I R E S.



IN no department of the game has so little progress been made as
An Umpire. in that which is summed up in the little word "umpire."



What is an umpire ?

• (See page 41.)

We will endeavour to jot down *what* we consider he *should* be

and then *what*, to our repeated annoyance, we so often find he *is*.
An umpire should be a man—

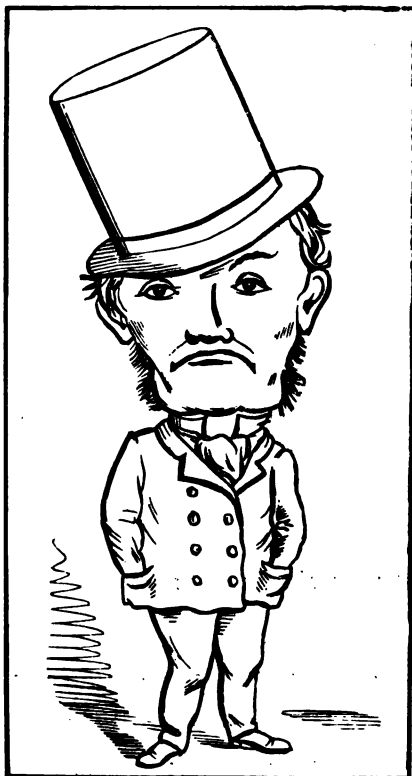


They are, for the most part, old women ;

and he should have had a thorough practical initiation into the mysteries of the game. It is not necessary for him to be able to repeat the laws of cricket by heart, though it wouldn't materially injure him if he could, but he should be ready at all times to give a prompt and decisive answer on questions of practical import at issue during the game. He *should* not only keep his eyes open, but keep them fixed on the game ; he *should* be able to count correctly, at least up to "four," if not to "six," and to apply this scanty gleaning of arithmetic to the given

What he
should be.

quantity of balls per over. He *should* be the first to appear at the wickets, and the last to leave them.



He *should* avoid conversation with
the field,

should be above all suspicion of bias, and free from all odour of the tavern.

His manner. A foreigner might fancy it were needless (but it is *not* by any means) to say that at all times his manner *should* be courteous and respectful, and that his decision, though given promptly, *should* invariably be served up

without sauce or seasoning of his own, and not in the manner we have caught at short-leg—"How's that, umpire? Why, out to be sure! and what's the use of asking?" An umpire *should* consider himself a chronometer set for the day, regulated according to the intervals allotted to play and refreshment. He *should* be careful to see that time is not unnecessarily wasted, and if he cannot at all times command attention, *should* not therefore be the less ready

No sauce.

To call "Play."



Now then—What is he?

Generally speaking, he is an old cricketer, no longer a proficient in the practice, but (as *might* be supposed) qualified from a long apprenticeship to act as arbitrator in the little questions that arise out of the

What he is.

game. He *is* by no means, as a rule, the first man to make an appearance in the field on the morning of a match. He *is* seldom the first to discover that the dinner half-hour has been exceeded by, at least, twenty minutes. His appetite is not affected by the constrained position in which he is placed, and want of exercise does not debar him from the enjoyment of an extra "pot"—if you doubt it, give him the chance. At times, when he *should* be taking an active part in clearing the ground, he is generally found standing at the wicket, and bawling out anathemas to that effect ; at such times, he resembles more an Emperor of all the Russias, with nations dependent on his word, than an official paid for his services, whose duty it *is* to carry out instructions given to him by higher authorities.

An extra
"pot."

Old Nick.

One view of
him.

Another.

The above is a general view of him, taken on the spot, with his face towards the public. Now let us look at him in profile, with an eye to the game itself.

Problems.

If a delicate slice be made off the bat, and accepted by the wicket-keeper, is it by any means certain that Mr. Judex, the umpire, has followed with his eye the course of the ball, and will consequently pronounce a fiat against the batsman? We think *not*. If a little noise be heard, sufficient to raise a question, such as constantly happens with old india rubber gloves, or bats with musical blades, is it by any means a certainty that the batsman will, at least, have the benefit of the doubt? We think *not*. Take another problem.—Is it not very probable that the batsman may have not hit within a foot of the ball, and yet be given out, not for the shadow, but the echo of a chance? We think it is.

In these days of long scores, how many short runs are detected ;

and can you, or any other intelligent being, say how they can be detected, when Mr. Judex is scanning the blue vault of heaven, or speculating on the number of spectators, the gate money, the malt tax, or the girl he left behind him. We can say this in justice to the subject of our notice, that we don't know a case where a decision has ever been dictated by a pecuniary bias ; of carelessness and inattention we have jotted down hundreds at short-leg. We will also say that whatever be the opinion of the players as to the propriety of any decision, it is highly prejudicial to the interests of cricket *to give expression to it during the play*. A caution can always be quietly administered, and it should be borne in mind that a bad umpire need never be employed twice. We are all prone to err, and the future attention of the umpire is not likely to be guaranteed by a personal malediction.

His honesty.

Inattention.

Come to me afterwards.

Young players will do well to remember that in the country it is dangerous to raise too many questions. The country umpire is a sensitive animal, and is prone to believe upon being asked several ridiculous questions that he is the object of chaff, and he may for that reason retaliate in a manner very unsatisfactory to the gentlemen cutting the chaff.

The Country Umpire.

Necessary precaution.

We remember a case in Ireland, where the umpire, a gentleman who informed us that he had



Studied the game during the winter,

gave a very improper decision of leg before wicket. The batsman was naturally very indignant, and there could be no doubt that the decision was given simply to vindicate the position of an umpire ; he had been asked several trumpery questions, and he felt bound to avenge the injured shade of Caldecourt. However, at luncheon he apologised, and stated his intention of making it all square yer 'onour, before the match was ended. He was not to be persuaded that this did not enter into the duties of an umpire. The result was, that he gave another improper leg-before-wicket decision. The man given out and the bowler in this case being respectively the bowler and the indignant batsman in the

Manes.

first, and quoth our young friend, "we are aven now, bedarraah." We saw him again in the next season, and he then told us he had given up umpiring, "it was a mighty tiresome business." We congratulated him and cricket on doing so.

Herein lies the difficulty, not only of getting proper persons to fill the office, but of these proper persons properly maintaining their position. It is *tiresome*, but what business at some time or other is not? The salary is good, and the persons selected for this office have not the excuse of being underpaid. We think it might mend matters a little if young players were more often selected, though we are loth to deprive advancing age of a certain emolument and reward for past professional services. The young man has his career before him, and will be anxious to gain the esteem of cricketers, and not to lose it by inattention to his duties. The elder has probably gained all the esteem he was ever entitled to, and regards his position of umpire as an established fact.

The office a bore.

The Young.

The Old.

We dont entirely agree with him, or with the school that seems to ignore the fact of eyes and ears being most essential to the proper discharge of the duties of an umpire. A short-sighted umpire is but one degree better than a blind 'un ; and a deaf umpire reminds us of John Leech's celebrated scare-crow in the hunting field, and the words of his huntsman will equally apply to our dummy at the wicket—"What are you staring and pointing at, you old beggar, harnt you heard anythink of the hounds?" Of course he hadn't, no more had our deaf friend of the most palpable snick that ever fell into the hands of short-slip.

No blind or deaf need apply.

John Leech.

Our Dummy.

CRICKET CLUBS.



Clubs—
Trumps.

CLUBS are trumps nowadays with a vengeance. He must have a very bad hand indeed, and must have shuffled his cards to very little purpose, or some purpose that he isn't proud to own, who is not able to appear in some extraordinary cricket costume, or to sport some many mottled ribbon as the badge of his club. It is very easily accounted for, though much to be regretted, this polifangled, many ribboned, many lettered, hydra-headed visitation of modern days—the club mania. Pride and discontent are answerable for a few, we do not say for the many; and our remarks apply more to those clubs that owe their origin to the Universities than to those which help to fill the extra supplement of *Bell's Life* weekly during the summer months.

The Club
Mania.

Splasher.
The
Scorpion.

We were at a loss for some time to discover what induced young Splasher to take unto himself many worse players than himself, and enrol himself and them into the Society of Scorpions, with an honorary

secretary and treasurer, followed soon by a list of matches printed on yellow paper, with a chaffy announcement to the editors of the sporting papers that they may expect to hear more of the Jolly Scorpions anon. Time and reflection enlightened us. Splasher belonged to our club—the Wasps. We always played in white flannels, with a shirt and ribbon significant of our name—somewhat startling, but that we aimed at : by which, of course you understand broad alternate stripes of black and yellow. Splasher was a decided dandy; and he raised a schism amongst the Wasps by an effort to introduce a knickerbocker kit (colours as above) instead of the flannels. He was beaten on a division, took it very much to heart, never consulted his head, cut the Wasps, and out of pique instituted the Scorpions, and carried out the pet object of his ambition by investing his new club in a fiery shirt and sanguineous hose. He was not so big a man amongst the Wasps as he was by self-election amongst the Scorpions. He had the impudence to propose a match with us almost before his new uniform had left the hosier. One of the evil consequences of Splasher's defection was that several sturdy Wasps, with good calves, were tickled by the notion of the knickerbockers, and, without leaving us, entered an "uniform" adhesion to the Scorpions; and, when our annual match took place with the Drones (who tried to be at Oxbridge what we really were at Camford) we found ourselves considerably weakened; because several of our men had engaged themselves for that particular day to play for the Scorpions against some little club, where it was well known claret and champagne was laid on, and no end of fair ladies would be present to pass a favourable opinion upon their legs.

The Wasps.

Impudence.

Good calves.

The Drones.

Tippler.

The Jolly
Dog.

A Bite.

The next season Splasher was succeeded by Tippler, who took away with him many more, who enrolled themselves under the denomination of the Jolly Dogs. Now *his* sole complaint of us arose from our not permitting him, and several more thirsty dogs, to leave the field for the purpose of at least a quarter of an hour's adjournment to the tavern. Hence, in a few seasons, we found it almost impossible to preserve our individuality. Our staunchest supporters were becoming "stale." Some young members, who were glad enough at their first *début* to have a leg-up in the cricketing world by joining us, became gradually bitten by the Scorpions, and other such parasites, delighting in extravagant ribbons and semi-botanical titles. It is certainly to be deplored, though when we look at the amazing development of cricket it is not very clear how it can be prevented. Still the evil may be mitigated ; and we may here remark, that it is not so much of the number of clubs that we venture to complain as of young cricketers identifying themselves at their first "*pas qui coûte*" with so many of the many.

We should like to say a few words to our young friends at the Universities. We are not so verdant as to expect them to listen to "advice ;" we will adopt some more grateful method—we will only insinuate without dictating, what in our opinion will advance the interests of cricket without materially curtailing the enjoyment of either Splasher or Tippler : we are a little off the high road, but for that very reason we should be more cautious how we proceed. We ask our young friends only to regard us in the light of advisers, in the same way as the public look upon the directors of a railway company (previous to any accident). We, like them, are anxious to avoid anything

that may lead to unpleasant consequences ; and we will adopt, in A Caution.
imitation of them,



A railway side-crossing "Caution,"

which points out the danger, and leaves the traveller to his own judgment
of its necessity.

E

Plague of
Insects.

You will find at both Oxbridge and Camford, a swarm of "butterflies," "grasshoppers," "chrysalis," "wasps," "drones," and other ephemeral bodies, that quicken in the summer-time, under the genial influence of "cricket." You will have some difficulty in selecting amongst them any one in particular, for you will probably find friends in them *all*; it will not give you much trouble to become a member *of* all; and your wardrobe, in less than a year, might be filled with the various "insignia" of each.

Caution,
No. 1.

The Raw
Material.

Now then for the "caution." We do not insinuate anything against any one club, but as it has been found, of late years, a matter of difficulty to arrange first class matches, and also to determine sides in such matches, owing to the increased demand upon the raw "material:" let it be understood, and it is the raw material that is hereby cautioned, *that*, in the opinion of those who ought to know best—"There are a great many too many clubs now in existence; that the raw material would benefit the cause of cricket by selecting one, or at most two, clubs (ribbons, shirts, and other necessities included), and, rejecting all others, cleave only unto them; that in all cases the aim of the R. M. should be first class cricket, and that matches wherein such can be ensured, should have the preference." We can imagine young Splasher and Tippler ejaculating—"This is a *caution*, and no mistake!" We intend the *first*, and we hope the *last*.

At any rate, we advise them to *select a leading club and stick to it.*



To pursue the theme. It makes one turn quite pale now on Sunday mornings to see the long list of matches under every possible name. We are often puzzled to think what interest Tippler can take in the Jolly Dogs, when we see his name in one column playing *for* them against the Immaculates, in another *against* them for the Artichokes, and on a later day of the same week, against the Artichokes for the Bottomuppermosts. What a confusion he must sometimes be in, when a little late for the train, he suddenly remembers he has forgotten his

Confusion of
Tippler.

ribbon, and has to select from among so many the bright "peculiarity" of the day.

Caution,
No. 2.

One more "caution" before crossing the "line!"

"Whereas, it has been observed of late that, owing to the club mania, many young cricketers are prone to stray where a maximum of runs may be obtained for a minimum of cricket: it is hereby enjoined, *That this is not cricket*, and the R. M. is warned that on no specious pretext whatever should the success of the individual be preferred to the victory of the side."

Barnacles.

A true cricketer looks to winning the match: the more he contributes to that happy result the more he is gratified, of course; but if presented with a pair of spectacles, his nose will not shrink from its burden if his side wins by ever so short a run.

Carlyle.
Virg.

Carlyle.

Sic vos, non vobis, cricketifatis, my boys. Put some of these notions into your pipes—you will find them excellent smoking, though perhaps "dry as dust."



CRICKET GROUNDS:

LORD'S AND THE OVAL.



WHERE many words have been thrown away on the play or the players it can scarcely be out of place to jerk in a few sentences on *the grounds* upon which all our reflections are based. They are now to be met with in every county of merry England ; for, notwithstanding railroads,

Penitentiaries,



Penitentiaries

asylums for every hereditary ailment, England is merry still, and to our mind never more merry than when May has returned with its blossom,

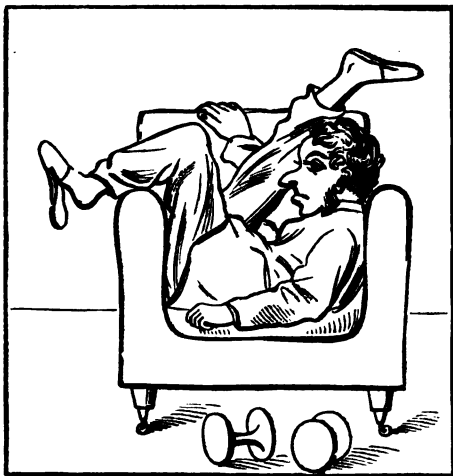
The March
Wind.

The First
Match.

Somnus.

Cramp.

and cricket bags are again left by the careless cricketer at the station, which is always six miles at least from the ground. There is perhaps nothing more exhilarating than the first escape from the March wind and release from the murky atmosphere of the town, afforded by the challenge from the Rural Green to the members of the Great Metropolitan Club. There is only one drawback to the first match of the season,—sweet as are the odours of the fresh spring flowers, invigorating as is the incense offered to the metropolitan nostril by nature in her new clothing of the early summer, delicious as is the first night's rest after the first match of the season, inevitable and indescribable is the stiffness that warps the muscles next morning, when the joints rattle like internal crackers ;



And sit as you will during that
day and the next,

on the easiest ottoman and downyest sofa, you will be reminded at every stir of your first day's cricket in the country.

We think that cricket can only be enjoyed to perfection in the country. Our great Metropolitan Clubs are doubtless very valuable ; and in these days of bricks and mortar it is a great boon to the public, who is doomed to reside within the sound of the perpetual trowel and sight of the assiduous hod, to have in London two such open spots as Lord's and the Oval. But we never return home after the best match at either of these grounds with the same sensations of renewed vitality that we experience after our day's outing in the country.

The Trowel
and the Hod.

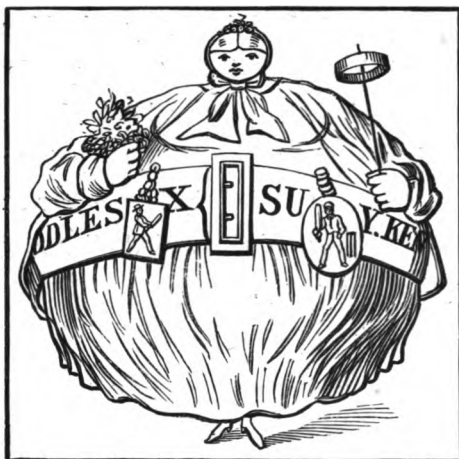
We prefer the yokel
audience to the town
critic ;



and the only advantage to our taste in the metropolitan ground lies in the generally better "tap" that is drawn on its premises. This leads us

The Tap

to the consideration of our two cricket oases lying far apart in



London's great waist.

The one, known as Lord's ground, the other, as the Oval. It is not only the river that separates them, or a different Omnibus Company (Limited), that distinguishes their several communications with the metropolis. The cricket exhibited at both is, as far as cricket permits, of an entirely *different* character, and affords equal gratification to their separate votaries. Lord's is a national, the Oval is a county ground. At Lord's no party question or section feeling exists; at the Oval, as is natural, home and party feeling runs high. Were an enlightened foreigner (by whom we mean any Irish or Scot's man, who has had the inestimable advantage of an English education and inoculation into the noble science) to ask us any hot day in June or July "Where shall I (the I.) see the best cricket, or I (the S.) get most for my money?" we should adopt the favorite method in vogue in Patland, and answer them both with a series of questions:—

Lord's.

The Oval.

The "L."

The "S."

No. 1. Do you prefer the chance of a match being finished in two days to the certainty of its enduring three ? An Irish Answer, 1.

No. 2. Do you consider two and sometimes three Mammoth innings to compensate for the weakness of the bowling ? Ditto, 2.

No. 3. Do you prefer the bat or the ball to be in the ascendant ? Ditto, 3.

No. 4. Is time any object to you ; and are you particular about your liquor ? Ditto, 4.

It is only from partiality for the Irishman that we propose four questions. If we were only dealing with Sandy we should confine ourselves to one, viz. :—"Do you prefer to see the game played on an easy or a difficult ground ?" We might also add, "Do you prefer to see every incident of the game perfectly *with your own eyes* as you can on a small ground, to *taking them for granted* by the cheer evoked from the few who are lucky enough to see some particularly good hit or catch, as is the case generally on a large ground ?" We are not sufficiently bold to hazard the probable answers that would be given by Pat or Sandy. We are, however, quite disinterested in our own view of our two great grounds. We personally prefer short innings to long ones ; we like to see the batsman in difficulties, which demand a strict attention to each ball that is bowled ; and we prefer that ground which shows "form" to advantage. We also do like to be as near the game as we can without hindering the performers. We don't know the ground where time is strictly attended to, or we should *always* go there for our money's worth. We are very often thirsty ourselves, and are not more selfish than many of our friends, but we do think that the play is not improved by an *ad libitum* cock-tail system. These are some few of our personal

Personal
Predilections.

Our Thirst.

A Brandy
Smash.

Latin Joke.

prejudices, and they may or may not be shared by many others. If they are *not*, we will take the whole "*onus*" on us; if they *are*, we fancy we shall recognize the proprietors more often at Lord's than at the Oval. Nobody can deny, every cricketer must admire, the pluck with which Surrey has encountered all her foes for many years past. We, in common with all who know the men, have admired—

Elegy on
A. Mynn.

"The pluck of Burbidge as he plays an up-hill match,"
and have thundered—

"Cheers to Miller for a wondrous running catch,"
and we most cordially join in the sentiment—

"That the Oval once again
"Shall resound with hearty plaudits to the praise of Mr. Lane."



Le Voilà !

The extraordinary manner in
which the county has pulled
its matches out of the fire
savours almost of ancient Ro-
man history,

and a better class of men than the individual Surrey professor, we believe, does not exist in the profession. But—and here we must pause, for we begin to feel like

The little boy who incautiously put his hand into a rabbit hole, and was grabbed by the ferret,—



But if we are candidly asked on sanitary *grounds* only as respecting cricket, whether we consider the atmosphere to be as pure on the south side of the Thames as it is on the north, we unhesitatingly should reply in the negative. We think that cricket owes very much to the generous exertions made by the great southern champions in her behalf, but we almost fear that they have been too prodigal of their “largesses,” and too elated by success, to distinguish properly the right recipients of their bounty.

Sanitary
Question.

Cricket is of all sports the least conducive to jealousy. Amongst our many odd cricket friends we cannot number a jealous one, or we should certainly add him to our list of oddities, about whom, more anon. But jealousy of a “party” may exist even in cricket, when that term is used generically, and not individually. May not words have dropped, in the excitement of victory, that have rankled in the breast of

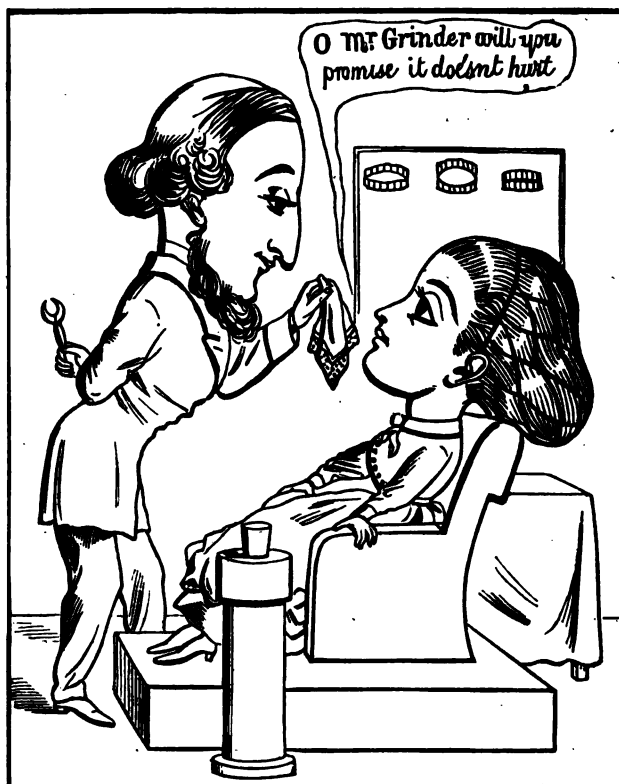
Backsheesh!

No Yellow
Boys.

A “Party.”

The first
"Bolter."

some northern foe? Does not a long career of success sometimes make the first disaster needlessly bitter? We know that after a long innings of good health, the first blue pill is uncommonly distasteful, whilst upon an invalid, like our St. John's Wood oasis was for some years, the gentle medicine, unsparingly administered by Dr. Press, seemed to have little effect.



We wish to be as delicate as if we were applying chloroform to the nostrils of a confiding young female of fifteen ;

and it is far from our intention, if in treading upon this question, we step upon the toes of southern susceptibilities. But do allow us to make a few humble suggestions to both sides.

A suggestion

Abolish all recollections of anything unpleasant: apologise, if necessary: tender no bill of exceptions: let your amnesty be general: discard the notion of a commission of inquiry. Remember the fate of the frogs in the fable, and take heed, lest like our Jamaica rum people, you get another Storks for your king. Dont, like the wise acres with the cattle plague, inoculate the columns of our sporting press with specifics for the treatment of this or that "malignant:" you wont get at the bottom of the "complaint," and it wont do you much good if you do. Scotch it you may, although it sounds Irish, by letting it die a natural death. Use no violence, save to your own feelings, but

Æsop.

Sir Henry.

Mr. Worms.
The Cattle
Plague.

Hold out the hand of reconciliation,



whether you *are* the aggrieved party or not, and we can almost anticipate

the hearty burst of satisfaction that will be elicited from all lovers of cricket,



When the north is seen to hobnob once more with the south.

This recipe, we firmly believe, will prove to be a partial, if not a "perfect cure."

CRICKET NURSERIES.

WHO does not wish himself back once more in the happy playing fields? To whom is not the memory still dear of his first score? Who would not again be the chrysalis on the chesnut trees instead of the full-blown and somewhat *blasé* butterfly that each summer sees to less advantage besporting itself on the sunny cricket fields?



The Playing
Fields.

Let us glance at our great nurseries for a few moments. We have heard many complaints lately of the internal economy of *one* of them: let us endeavour to see if the fault lies with the children or the nurse. We will accordingly take our umbrella and ourselves down to the playing fields at Eton. What a lovely spot it is! How loaded is the

Our
Gingham.

Pleasures of
Memory.

air with old associations ! Let us take a turn over the ground whilst the boys are washing down those peculiar pigeonless pies with that popular

Cholera.
The Nurse.

cider in the college tent. The nurse is taking her meal under the shady chesnuts, so we are at liberty to calmly survey the nursery. Our first

The Ground.

remark is that the ground is too good—better adapted for croquet than cricket ; *too true* to inspire confidence in a young bowler, *too true* to check the ardour of the young hitter.

A reflection.

Then follows our first reflection—will not the young Etonian when he leaves this well-ordered nursery find himself somewhat abroad on any other ground that presents a *natural* advantage to the bowler, and demands a stricter style of play in the batsman ? We think we can remember several instances where this discovery *was* made, and made *too late*, by more than one of the young gentlemen in question. Yet, is not *this* the ground hallowed by the recollection of the glorious days of Bayley, McNiven, Chitty, Blore, Norman, and a host of other heroes ? We need not go so far into the vale of years, we have only to mention such names as Mitchell, Lyttelton, and Lubbock, to feel assured that there is not so *much*, though there may be *something*, that is disadvantageous in *the nursery*. Let us then enquire for the nurse ! Who

The Eton
Calendar.

and where is she ? Her name is *Method*—but she doesn't reside at Eton. That she does pay occasional visits to those charming playing fields we have no doubt ; but as long as she prefers to bask on the sunny slopes of Harrow, so long shall we despair of Eton's *proper* share of success in that great annual contest on the treacherous sward of Lord's. Can that silver-winding stream exercise a baneful influence on her ? Did we hear some urchin remark—

Mrs. Method.

The River.



"Is not sherry cobbler a far better thing in a tub on the river?"

Questionable
Policy.

We do *not* believe that boating at the present day does account for the decline (if there is *any*) of cricket at Eton. The wisdom (?) of the modern pastors has removed the great counter-attraction ; the old match with Westminster is suspended ; and we do not think there prevails now at Eton the same aquatic *intensity* as existed in the old days of that great race. We think we may safely acquit the water.

Verdict—Not
Guilty.

The
Elements.

It is worthy of remark at the same time, that whilst at Harrow this juvenile enthusiasm flows in one even stream of cricket, at Eton the stream, though powerful, is divided into two channels. We do not profess to satisfy any Etonian by our view of the system in vogue at Eton ; but we do entertain a strong opinion (which nobody is bound to adopt) on the subject. This is a little bit of it : the strongest element in the success of Harrow and the discomfiture of Eton lies in the difference of the moral atmosphere that pervades each ground.

Harrow.



At Harrow

a boy is never allowed to suppose himself a good player, whilst at Eton

a boy that has once made his way to the Eleven considers himself elevated to the highest pinnacle above his fellows, and a large leaven of the Eleven deteriorates from the moment of infusion. At Harrow the Eleven when made up is seldom pronounced "first rate." At Eton there Eton. is a tendency to exaggerate the merit of the "team," and to pin too much faith on the particular prowess of some one member of it. The results are often lugubrious.

Nobody who has ever sat on those comfortable seats in the Pavilion at Lord's, with

His friend's legs on his shoulders,
and his neighbour's smoke blowing
freely over his face,



can have failed to observe the awful depression that settles upon the

light blue mug when his crack is bowled out, on whom so rashly his hopes have been fixed.

The Cricket
Miniature.

The Colts.

It is not only the system that prevails at Eton in the upper club games we deplore. The game is not properly *directed* and encouraged amongst the lower boys. There does not exist at Eton that game in miniature which we see at Harrow. We do not believe that any one professor can in any given number of *seasons* instil so much improvement into Eton cricket as would be imparted in the course of *one* by the direct supervision (as at Harrow) of several old mentors who profess, and no doubt justly, to be sanguine about Eton's success. Let the young ones share with their elders the benefit of experience, gathered on many a cricket field ; and let them be *taught* to feel that their hopes of attaining to the Eleven are not dependent on the caprice of any captain, but on the appreciation of those who, from their experience, must be the best judges of their merits. We met a water poet last summer who, in an ode upon a distant prospect of Eton College, composed after dinner, introduced these lines, *apropos* of the juvenile Etonian cricketer :—

Verses.

“You are led by the level to play the devil
With any bowling that comes to hand ;
And though *good style* may wait its while,
It makes the best cricketer in the land.”

Demosthenes.

Form.

The sentiment is a true one, though the “medium” is meagre. We almost find ourselves quoting Demosthenes, and exclaiming to young Eton that success at cricket is summed up in three words—
Form ! Form ! Form ! True form can be acquired as well if not

better on an easy ground as on a difficult one, and true form will stand the test of luck better than any other receipt we can name. It admits of fewer mistakes, and renders the transition from the level ground to the lively slope much more easy and secure.

There is still another consideration which has been lost sight of in late years by speculators on the decline of cricket at Eton. The Harrow of to-day is not the Harrow of 20 years ago. Eton, with her 800, is contending now against Harrow, with her 500 ; the difference of numbers is more than balanced by the absorption of the one school in one pursuit, the division of the other into two. But that to-day it is no longer a contest between a school numbered by *hundreds* and a school numbered by *tens*. Balance of Numbers.
800 v. 500.

Before leaving the *playing fields*, we should like to jerk in a few words on another matter, which does, in our opinion, affect the question of the "level and the slope." Another "shy."

Everybody knows that the wisdom of the moderns has suppressed one public school match entirely, and altered the original date of the survivor. Winchester now filches two days out of its school-time *for one match only*, with Eton, and the two other schools commit the same robbery on the legitimate hours of education, for their annual match at Lord's. What is the result ? The eleven are liable to be hastily assorted and crude ; July, the scorching month of July, has its teeth drawn by the premature fixture ; and what applies perhaps with greater force to Eton than to Harrow, the playing fields, after a wet spring, do not attain any elasticity before the middle of July. What is a twelfth man now ? A dissatisfied being, who must linger out an existence after the Lord's match till the end of the half, disgusted with himself, and not particularly A Robbery.
July.
The Twelfth Man.

pleased with anybody else. From the nature of its ground, Eton does require more time than Harrow for the selection of her eleven.

The Public. We have only to say, in concluding these hasty considerations, that we, the public, do take a deep interest in the maintenance of our public schools' contests. We believe that they promote a generous spirit of
 Dame Fortune. emulation amongst the lads; we are anxious to see Fortune hold the scales with an even hand, but we know she *will* incline to that side which
 A Belief. pays the strictest attention to her *demands*. We believe that one great cause of failure at Eton is owing more to the underplus of interest exhibited by her elder sons towards their younger brethren, than to the overplus of attention given by Harrow to its favourite pursuit. Nothing will persuade us that cricket cannot flourish at Eton as well as anywhere else, we have known and seen too many noble examples to the contrary.

We press upon the attention of young as well as of old Eton, the importance of Mrs. Method. She may be somewhat old-fashioned in many of her notions, but she will be found to be *right* in *most* of her *conclusions*, and *sound* in *all* her elementary *prescriptions*.

A Sentiment. And so farewell, and may the day be far distant which sees the last friendly match between our two great public schools.

CONFIDENCE.



YOUNG cricketers are

Drenched *ad nauseam*



with the nostrum of old practitioners—labelled confidence. No matter Confidence.
in what state the game may be, the old head is wont to pour into the
young ear, "Go in as if you were at practice, and dont feel nervous."
Nobody ever does, and the boldest of us *never* felt that indescribably
cold spasm on first going to the wicket. One might as well say,

The Fast
Dip.

nobody ever shivered on the top step of a bathing machine before taking



The first plunge of the season.

Oh, no! Never! We have known very few cricketers who on first going in were not rather more than less nervous. We never quite believe the man who ignores any feeling of nervousness. Self-confidence at cricket, like at any other pursuit, is invaluable, but it is very rarely to be imparted; it may be acquired by long practise. We generally advise a young one not so much to *réchauffer* his pluck when called upon to "go in," as to make up his mind under any circumstances of the game to play his own game; if a free player, at least to die "free." The side

Liberty.

should have confidence in its captain ; and it is the duty of the captain to do all in his power to deserve it. We always like to hear a side maintain, whatever mistake their captain may have made, that it was all "luck." The captain (if a good one) will be pleased with their view of the accident that has brought him back prematurely to the tent, and will in return tell them that his confidence now lies in *them*. We scarcely know whether the minimum of confidence is more disadvantageous to the young cricketer than the maximum. We have seen many amusing instances of the latter, always bad performers ; but many of our readers will perhaps distinguish the following characteristics of some of their friends, if not of themselves. "It is a critical point in the game, and it "is necessary to send in some one to stop the panic. Here he is, "Mr. Maximum of confidence, Mr. Minimum of play, ready at any time to "go in first, very loth to go in last. See him advancing well padded to "the wicket, note his cheery nod to the umpire, his wink to point, his "laboured guard and studied survey of the field. What an innings he "has sketched out in his frank and sanguine mind !

Algebra :
the — and
the +.

A case

"How he anticipates the warm and ap-
"proving glance of the fair girl watching
"his manœuvres with a binoptic glass.



"How many for the tent, and what over the wall ?" quoths he to the

Vanity of
Human
Wishes.

The
Ungenerous
Spectator.

sullen umpire. "Wait till you get her there," replies the man. Poor fellow! how of him as of many in other walks of life has it soon to be recorded that his career is cut short in its first flush; the fell shooter cutting in, or the break-back removing a bail, destroys in a moment the vision of triumph; and as he departs Point is heard to sniggle, and Short-leg, who has noted all the preparations, finds it difficult to repress an inclination to smile.



TEMPER.

A CRICKETER may lose anything he has about him with greater Temper. advantage to himself and his side, than his temper. It very often, when once lost, especially in one day matches, is not found again in time to win the match. It is impossible to state its actual value in runs ; take One Angry Bowler. for instance a bowler. We know of one who never looked pleasant, even when a difficult chance off his bowling was not taken, who waxed perfectly furious if a run was stolen to third man up, and who only required the wicket-keeper to return the ball more violently than absolutely necessary,

To become as nearly livid



as the human face under any circumstances can. With such a bowler, if he is kept on, a side soon becomes demoralized ; and the best advice we can give to him is—"Dont bowl ! give it up before it becomes a bore to yourself and a curse to your side."

Another.

Another friend of ours (a capital fellow under ordinary circumstances) was such a martyr to his temper that we have repeatedly seen him bowl full pitches on purpose, when aggravated by his field ; more than that, he really was more angry at times with himself than anybody else. If he bowled a sequence of three wides, it nearly threw him into convulsions, and he would then appeal to us at short-leg to allow him to go and bury himself in some distant part of the field, and at such moments we invariably assented.

A Burial
Licence.

There is only one course to pursue with tempers of this peculiar nature : bow to their weakness, forbear chaff, and change the sphere of action ; but be careful how you take off some bowlers. Slow bowlers, as a rule, are hard to be convinced that they are being "punched." We dont believe the bowler breathes who isn't satisfied that one more over would have done what he had failed to do in the preceding twenty. At the same time, a judicious captain should be ready to return to the original bowling, when the stubborn wicket falls, and an apparent victim approaches. The slow bowler is quite as much pleased with immolating three or four victims, as he is of bowling the "crack."

The Slow
Bowler :
his Delight
and Victim.

One of the best schemes to keep the field in a pleasant state of self-satisfaction, is that of

Bowling everybody, in the course of the match, that ever fancied he could bowl a bit.



A very moderate performer will occasionally come off, on the principle that every dog has his day.

The Dog Day

The field should never become lethargic, and even an expensive over has its merits, inasmuch as it promotes mirth : when, for instance, an aspiring trowler is hit for three successive fourers, bowls perhaps three wides, and is sent back with a hearty laugh at his expense, to cover-slip or long-leg.

The great object a captain should keep in view, is to keep his field alive, and this he cannot do without consulting their peculiarities. No man should be summarily dismissed. Point should not be changed in the middle of an over to short-leg, in consequence of a mistake ; such a change, as a rule, leads to no other result than a jolly good sulk on the

No Summary
Conviction.

part of the late point, which will not be dissipated till the man preferred to himself misses a "Yorker," and he is again established at his old post, with, however, the disadvantage of loss of prestige.

It is needless to state that temper is most objectionable when directed *vi et armis* against the opposing side. It is bad to be angry with oneself, it is heinous to direct one's ill humour against the foe.

Cæsar.

No Nut-Crackers

We do not say he often *does*, but a bowler should *never from temper* bowl at an adversary's head, with no other object than that of damaging his frontispiece, or perhaps of getting him caught in defending his person. Such manœuvres are very scarce, and we trust will never be tolerated in a game, which, after all, is a pastime where blows come sufficiently often in fair practise, and if thus administered, savour more of the P.R. than the C.G.

An æquum Memento.

A young cricketer will do well to remember that he may often have to direct a side, and that temper is the first of all qualities in a good captain. To qualify for that post, he must learn to preserve, under the trying phases of this variable game, as much equanimity as may *fairly* be expected of him ; and if, as we all of us do at times, he do lose a small portion of this invaluable commodity, " let him hasten to look for it, and take better care of it when it is restored."

A CRICKET DREAM.

TRAVELLING not long ago on the Eastern Counties Railway—
strange as it may appear to those who know the repeated stoppages,
and far from infrequent jolts, on that protracted line—we slept; and
into the realms of Somnus followed us twenty-one disembodied spirits,
whom we had no difficulty in recognizing as old acquaintances on earth,
stripped though they were of their flannels, and bared to view in their
essential characters. On looking *through* them we could not resist being
impressed with the idea that it would be of untold advantage to cricket
if a captain of a side on the evening of a match could but see out of
their flannels, divested of their flesh, the component parts of his Eleven!
What an influence it would have on the morrow's changes of bowling
and the order of going in, could he look *through* his men, as we were

A Horrible
Dream

The
Perspective

now looking, and discern the temper and spirit of his bowlers and batsmen !

We felt sure that the twenty-one meant mischief when we saw two ghostly umpires planting six phantom stumps on a very level but indistinct corner of Dreamland. There could be but one solution of our meeting *here*, for our peccadilloes on mundane grounds we were doomed to join the spectral band, and stand short-leg on one side or the other in a disembodied match. All doubts were removed when a spirit, whom we will denominate "the Strict" (it must be understood that *up above* cricket matches are played in accordance with the spirit of the player, not the letter of the game), floated towards us, and pointing to a transparent score sheet, through which we clearly traced our name, broke into a hollow laugh, which we didn't half relish, and then hurled into space some mystic coin. A spirit called "Indifferent" appeared to regulate the other side ; and as in these regions heads or tails are unknown quantities, his reply to the phantom "call" was "Neither ;" and so, winning the toss, he elected to go in.

Spectral, awful, apocryphal, and benumbing as this spectacle was, it lost much of its terror, when we analysed the sides, for we found that in Dreamland the spiritual corresponded exactly to the material on earth. For, although the following lists are strictly spiritual, do they not give you a fair representation, when you come to think of *them* after the match, of most Elevens with whom you disport in the lower sphere ? Here they are, or were, at all events. It must be noticed that there were 2 indifferent spirits on each side ; luckily only 1 strict (our captain,) unfortunately but 1 cheerful, 4 irascibles, 2 dandies, 2 ploddings

(here as on earth long-stops), I despondent, who, with ourselves, made up the 22 :—

THE OUTSIDE.

1. Strict (captain).
2. } Indifferent.
3. }
4. Cheerful.
5. }
6. } Irascibles.
7. }
8. }
9. Dandy.
10. Plodding.
11. Ourselves.

THE INSIDE.

1. Indifferent (captain).
2. Ditto.
3. Dandy.
4. }
5. } Irascibles.
6. }
7. }
8. Plodding.
9. Sulky.
10. Ambitious.
11. Despondent.

We smiled grimly when it was whispered to us that on each side (just as on earth) the Irascibles were bowlers. We, however, had the advantage of a good slow bowler in "Cheerful." The match, which shortly commenced, by mutual agreement was to be decided by the first innings, in accordance with a dictum laid down by some celestial authority. Its general features resembled so many in which we had been the principal on earth, that we gladly refer the curious to any account that can be genuinely traced to our own pen in any hebdomadal mundane column.

*The Irascible
Bowlers.*

*M.C.C.
Committee
Decision.*

Bell's Life.

As we have hinted above the respective captains had no difficulty in assigning positions to their men. For instance, without hesitation,

G

Situations.

Plodding subsided into long-stop, Dandy went to long-leg, Ambitious was anxious to bowl at both ends, Indifferent was careless, Sulky wouldn't move anywhere, and even Strict was at his spirit's end to know what to do with his irascible bowlers. We were very much amused at short-leg with all that passed, and we could have given terrestrial names to every spirit in the plain. We did not get them out till about an hour before daybreak ; and the stars, which represented numbers on the ghostly telegraph, were too numerous to count.

The Nightly
Telegraph.

The Spectral
Umpire.

One very striking feature in this spectral game was the regard paid to *time*, in all other respects it might have been a match played on the best of our metropolitan and sublunary grounds. The umpires differed from their representatives on earth, inasmuch as *here* they consisted (if there is any consistency in spirits) of souls without bodies ; whereas we all know that down below they are for the most part vacuous bodies, far above the suspicion of any soul. Their answers were given in much the same listless manner, and they seemed to be quite as much at home in Dreamland, as we have ever seen them at Lord's or the Oval.

The
Spectators.

We had almost forgotten to mention the spectators. Everybody who has ever been in Dreamland knows how populous that region is, and will not be surprised to hear that there was a good ring. But we noticed a marked difference in the manner of expressing their delight or disappointment. *Here* every ebullition of feeling, although nothing was *palpable*, was evidently genuine. *This* spirit did not applaud because another did, and no excuses were offered or accepted for any mishap or mistake. Cheerful appeared to most advantage here as he always does on earth. Thus, after a few seconds' interval, sufficient for some light

Cheerful.

zephyrs to sweep over the plain, the ghostly umpires again groaned "play," and we went in.

We had often heard down below that dreams went by contraries, and so it turned out in our first match in Dreamland. Our mundane innings, as a rule, are not the *striking* features of any match we have played in ; but *here* our innings was indeed the feature, and may be well taken as a sample of the cricket displayed on both sides. Two wickets had fallen (the Indifferent Brothers) when we went in, and the telegraph looked very ghostly, as scarcely a star was to be seen. Our partner was one of the Irascibles, and very shortly we had the misfortune to run him out, and we could almost have believed ourselves once more on earth, so accurately did his phantomship pourtray a well-known and attached friend. *Strict* (our captain) succeeded him, and the game proceeded merrily for a while, until an appeal was made on some point, about which, considering the *locale*, there could be no *shadow* of a doubt, and *Strict* was given out. Had he been in the flesh he would have stoutly argued ; *as it was, where we were*, he but faintly protested. The question certainly here was a very unsubstantial one ; on *earth* we have known it occasion many an unpleasant word. A ball was delivered by one of the Irascibles, which, rising suddenly, struck our captain on what was once his head ; a hollow sound ensued, and an appeal was made to the bowler's umpire. Now *Strict*, in any light, would have been considered short, body or soul, stature or temper. There could be no doubt that the umpire was gazing vacantly in an opposite direction, and Irascible's sudden appeal surprised him into the ejaculation "out." Having once declared himself he not only felt bound to stick to his declaration, but to

Our Innings

Capt. Strict

The Case

advance his reasons ; and as these exactly resembled so many that we must all remember to our cost on earth it is needless to repeat them. *Strict* was given "out ;" so out he went.

Cheerful
again.

The real fun commenced when Cheerful joined us ; and, though it is by no means a rare occurrence down below, it may be well imagined how doubly ludicrous here was a "cut" clean through a disembodied point, a chance in the slip penetrating the fleshless hands of Sulky, or an overthrow from Indifferent, who returned the ball to the wicket-keeper with such violence from short-leg as literally to go through him and all the other spirits that were backing up. Here, as elsewhere, Cheerful's innings, though effective, was short ; he was caught in some illimitable space by the phantom Dandy, who was airing himself amongst some familiar sprites ; and, as if to establish the contrarieties of Dreamland, was actually on the look out at the moment. There could be no doubt of *Cheerful's* popularity amongst the younger elfs, as a supernatural cheer rang through the realms of air when he floated back to a *star spangled* tent. With luck more than mortal we were all this time amassing runs ourselves, and the telegraph was rapidly resembling the Milky Way, when Plodding came in last wicket but two. Alas ! for his hopes in the next world, he was even here bowled out first ball, although he had refused the manna and other refreshment offered to us all by attendant angels, in order to keep his spectral eye clear. One of the Indifferents shared a like fate, and the scorers were standing up, and the last sands were running out of the hour glass, when the last wicket came in (our *Dandy* had already left the realms of space under the influence of some evil demon of engagement). There were *not* a million stars

The Dandy.

Plodding.

The Angels.

to be added to the spectral roll of victory ; and the excitement, to judge from the silence, must have been intense. We knew from old associations on earth that an indifferent spirit is not worth much on a crisis, so we played for "the ball." Already a faint streak of pink could be detected on the eastern horizon, and more than once we fancied we had heard the echo of some sepulchral chanticleer, proclaiming the approach of morn. The *last ball* was at length delivered, for, striking blindly at a tolerably "good length," we heard a terrible crash and a cry of "out."— And "out" we were in a vengeance. *Out* of the railway carriage, wide-a-wake on the embankment, cursing the directors, and firmly resolved never to play at cricket again, at least in our dreams, on the Eastern Counties Railway.

The
Indifferent.

Eothen.

Our Last
Ball.

The E. C. R.



CRICKET TYPES.



A Question

BEFORE our train had righted itself, as may be conjectured, we had ample time to think over our happy dream. Somebody on the embankment, to whom we had confided our adventures in dreamland, after a few other preliminary remarks, asked us, "Why do you play cricket?" It was rather a staggerer. We had often been asked the same question before, and have asked it of many. One friend in particular

A Puzzle.

has for a long time been a cricket puzzle to us. We don't learn from the public prints that he is very successful—so there can be no gratified ambition in his case. The very last time we met him he had a black eye, and to our tone of sympathy replied, "Long-stopping, my boy, on a rough ground." Surely the chance of a black eye was not his sole inducement. Men do court danger certainly for danger's sake alone, so we must suppose he did and does play cricket for the scar's sake, not the score's.

We shall attempt to pourtray a few types of cricketers whom we have met in the cricket field; and we shall be only too happy in our tenth edition to suppress any that may be too highly coloured, and substitute in their places (for their name is legion) yourself, my kind reader—or any other man.

The Ambitious Cricketer

Considers that an ambition to excel, if rightly directed, must of necessity make him a good cricketer. Many of this kidney go up annually to the universities, spend a fortune on the professional talent, and turn out what they are by nature, very bad performers. They are very hard to be convinced that they are not even improving, and are proportionately disgusted at not being selected to play either for their college or university elevens.



They, however, learn enough to ride rough-shod over their village green,

and are so far useful to the noble game that they circulate a large portion of patrimony amongst the professors, which might otherwise go into the pocket of their college steward or cook. We only regret that such aspirants are apt to be ignorant how bad they are, and to push their claims beyond their merits.

Very few ambitious players of this class are very fond of going in "last;" even if invariably bowled out in their first over, they would always prefer to go in "early." Their great object we conclude, in cricket, is to be seen in the company of first-rate cricketers, and to appropriate in co-partnership the honours that may attach to their side when successful. You may know Mr. Ambitious at once, with half an eye open, if you happen to see him cast a glance upon the order of "going in," and hear his half-muttered observation on being put in "*so late*;" when he will retire to smoke a sullen pipe on the remotest seat of the pavilion or tent.

*Ah! che
ignora.*

Let his ambition be only to do his best, and he will not so often incur the risk of ridicule, as when aspiring to be first fiddle he breaks down in the overture.

The Irascible Cricketer.

IT is quite beyond us to attempt to give any satisfactory reason why this type ever appears in flannels: yet what a lot of it one does meet in the course of a few seasons. Irascible.

Cricket is a very trying
game,



and really if we hadn't ourselves the temper of many angels we should have given it up long ago. We imagine there must be something indescribably seductive in the re-action; that the devil, when cast out in the form of heated expletive, leaves the system in that deliciously soothened state, which we read of in the advertisements of the Turkish baths. One great mystery to us is—Why does an irascible bowler ever bowl at all? It doesn't improve him *not to ask him* to bowl, although

he is sure to "rise" if he does. If you doubt it, let long-stop give a few "byes," let point drop an "easy one," or what is perhaps the best feeler, let wicket-keep return the ball three times successively in half-volleys, and if nothing comes of that, then we *are* mistaken in our man.

We are far from wishing there should be no temper at all; it smartens up a listless field amazingly, and it very often provokes mirth. We only think, in analysing the reason *why* an irascible man plays cricket, that he cannot feel a real pleasure: but we must be wrong, as there are so many irascibles who devote themselves to the game. We conclude they look upon it much as the engine-driver does on his safety valve—if they hadn't the open air and the excuse (which cricket certainly admits of) for a good volley of expletives, what would become of the china and other personal property in their domestic circles; on the whole, therefore, we are inclined to believe that the irascibles owe a deep debt of gratitude to cricket, for affording them a semi-legitimate vent for those feelings, which would not otherwise be conducive to the comfort of a home, or the proper organization of the breakfast table.

The Sulky Cricketer.

This is a very ugly specimen,



The Sulky.

and off-shoot of the last type. They are not many, thank heaven, but they involve a deeper mystery than any other of our cricket problems. For what on earth can there be to sulk about in cricket ; there is not even a corner to sulk in, and solitude and retirement are almost essential to the sulker. Everybody must see him, and he is not even allowed to have his ill temper all to himself ; from short-leg upwards everyone is sure to ask him for a bit, and his name is bandied about the ground till he must wish he had never been born, or at all events, christened.

How much or what delight does this mortal find in cricket ? We are magnanimous enough to suppose, and credulous enough to believe, that he is aware of his infirmity, and takes the best method of curing it, by mixing in a pastime that breathes the most genial influence on tempers of every shade.

Advice.

We have only one caution to give to those who come across the sulker's path—Let him alone! It takes two to make a quarrel, but "one" to create a sulk; and, self-created, he is sure, if unmolested, to shut up ere the sun go down.

The Strict Cricketer.

The Strict.

There is no mystery about this gentleman. He has all the laws of cricket at his finger's end, and woe betide the umpire that dwells on a decision. He is a terrible stickler for time, and will draw the stumps on the strike of the clock, if by such means he can turn a defeat into a "draw."



He glares horribly upon, and objects strongly to, any substitute,

and plays generally much more according to the letter than the spirit of the game. He doesn't like conversation very much during "play," and crushes any attempt at a passing joke. He is perfectly callous to a thunder shower.



He is an enemy to refreshment of every kind.

His motto is "Win, Tie, or Wrangle," which means that in the unavoidable absence of the two former, he will take his stand on the wrangle.

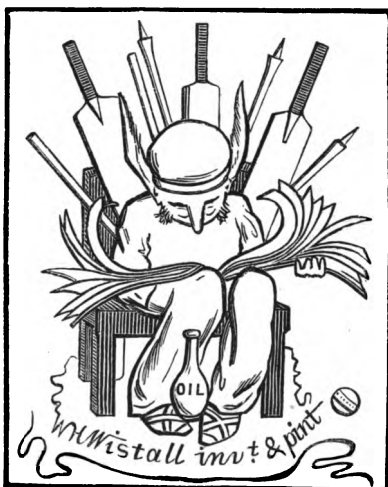
We cannot say that he is the most agreeable type of cricketer; but it would be well nowadays if there were a few more like him; we should

see more fun for our money—less time would be cut to waste ; and as long as we are not compelled to play *with* him, we shall always be too happy to say a word *for* him.

The Plodding Cricketer.

Plodding.

To our mind this type is the most painful and most mysterious of all. He plays in more matches than all the other types collected. His name is always found in the penultimate order of going in. He is very seldom a bowler, and is at best a long-stop. Yet he hammers on, like the fabulous horse, on the 'ard 'ard road to honour and glory. He is the best tempered fellow in the world, and his name appears weekly in some facetious contribution to the sporting prints, under some new *nom de guerre*. You may catch him any afternoon at practice ;



And when he isn't oiling his bat, he is reading Lillywhite's Guide and Advice to Cricketers.

Now, in *what* lies the secret of his attachment to the game? Can

it be a thirst for success? Surely such a prospect can be but a mirage. Cricket has much of the will-o'-the-wisp delusion about it; it holds out to the plodding cricketer a sufficient glimmer of momentary success to light him on his path; it has so many funny turns and slices of luck, that the most erratic must sometimes fall into the right groove, and the most hungry come in for an unexpected innings at its board.

The Plodder is after all a very useful man in the field. He will always field out when you are a man "short" (and when are you *not*?) and will, if properly appealed to, for the sake of cricket, go so far as to carry your bag to the railway station; and we hope cricket will never be without many representatives of this little appreciated but valuable type.

The Indifferent Cricketer.

This is a very malignant type. We use the word "indifferent" not Indifferent. in a "bad" sense, as far as personal attainments go, but in that peculiarly *bad* sense in regard to the short distance energy travels in the company and possession of a good cricketer *indifferent* to the success of his side. The cricketer who leaves home without energy might much better have left behind him his cricket shoes—modesty only prevents us adding his flannels; had better in fact not leave at all. We know nothing more demoralizing, more disheartening to a side, than the spectacle of any one man *abstracted* from the game during play. It is a robbery in the open air under our noses, and a trespass upon our time and patience. What can Farniente see in cricket that is worth even his Farniente.

little trouble to be "indifferent" about? We expect that vanity has something to do with it, and personal success gives the finishing touch to, if it does not entirely compose, his mental tableau of the day's proceedings. 100 not out, and Farniente is ready to bowl and go long-leg, c. and b. o, and he will prefer short-leg, or remembers



A dinner engagement

which will compel him to leave the ground at 5 p.m. As a rule, we take as much care as we can that he never comes upon it, save as a spectator.

The tendency of the day is, we fear, to over-exalt the individual, and to depreciate the "side." One man's innings does every now and then win a match, but nine out of ten are won by the hearty co-operation of all engaged. Certainly, in summer-time, we prefer going to bed in damp sheets, to finding ourselves at short-leg, with one or two disappointed "cracks" jostling each other for our post (short-leg), and only anxious for rain to supervene, the neighbouring reservoir to burst, a balloon to fall, praying, in fact, for anything rather than to remain where they are.

The Cheerful Cricketer.

This is the boy for our money. We never, if possible, leave town Cheerful. without him. He is worth his weight in aluminium in a country match, and he is never so useful as when he can bowl "lobs." We like to see him in any capacity, and we have watched him, as he is shifted by some injudicious general from long-leg one end, to bowl and stand long-leg at the other, veering round in the course of the innings through gradations of short-leg, point, and "over my head for the catch," till he finally settles down, when everybody else's thumb is dislocated, into wicket-keeper. He is a very uncertain bat, but he very often makes the winning hit, and a great many more.

We know (and so do plenty of us) *one* who, when his own peculiar The Lob Bowler. bowling (underhand) has been knocked off, and he has been vegetating in every corner of the field, will be ready and willing to come on "with his rounds." Very, very bad, certainly! but often successful, and in any case there is the smile, the irresistible good humour, that never fails to communicate itself to the field. Look how he dashes in for that almost hopeless catch—down he tumbles on his back—up he is again! and with that wonderful "return," we are much mistaken if he hasn't run the man out after all.

He is rather too apt to take a shot at the wicket-keeper, and is quite insensible to the remonstrance of his general, after a repeated "over-throw." Reproof is thrown away on him. He *must* have his "fling;" and we are not sure that it is *not* better to let him get rid of a

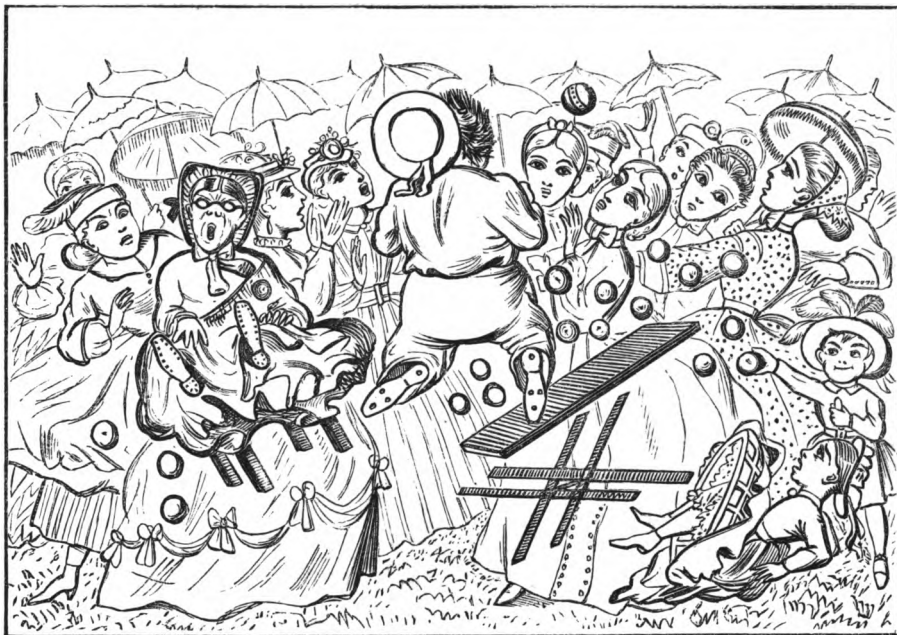
little superfluity of humour, even when it costs his side a "fourer" or "six."



Why do the dirty little boys always laugh when they see him come on the ground?

(we mean the dirty little boys who have ever seen him once)—because they know and feel convinced that it will not be his fault if the match is lost, and that he is sure to show them, at least, how an effort shall and

can be made, with none of your modern, first bound, trap-bat kind of fielding,



But with a slap bang and a dash right into the middle of the crowd,
 through the old orange woman, all among the ladies,
 over the wall, into the cabbage garden, *and so forth*. Lucky is the side
 that numbers one such man ; happy is the man that numbers one such
 temperament.

A cricket match is life in miniature, hard knocks are to be en- Moral.
 countered in both, and the individual who loses his temper the least
 often in the one, is likely to preserve it the longest in the other.

*The Dandy Cricketer.***The Dandy.**

This type has been tried and found so very wanting that the representation has wisely been discontinued. Many (if we have *any*) of our readers will not be aware of the characteristics. They belong to a late but not distant period. Paris kid gloves, of any colour, but faultless make, cricket shoes of immaculate whiteness, sailor's knot of unassailable dye, embroidered jacket, brass buttons, and trousers almost too glossy to have ever left their artist's shop. The type was always late in the field, never came at all if the morn was overcast, was never in his right place,

Characteristics.

Always had a friend in the crowd,

was frequently thirsty, and would, if permitted, smoke throughout the day. Always had a dinner engagement *when* he had had his own innings, and left you to pay for his substitute, umpire's expenses, &c., &c., which never occurred to him as a legitimate debt. We believe he is dead and gone, unless it be true that he is now residing in Paris, and is a distinguished member of the Paris Cricket Club. The family is extinct in England, and we hope not to hear of any claimant for the dormant honours attached to the class.



The General Cricketer.

The General. This is a comprehensive type. He is by turns indifferent, cheerful, irascible, sulky, dandy, and strict ; he has adopted the game because he loves it above all others, or, in the absence of all other,



Because he has a scolding wife at home, with an ill-regulated nursery,

because he is a bachelor and is weary of solitude,



And hopes to meet his fate (kiss-mate—*Arabice* kis-met)

sooner or later in the cricket field, and for a hundred other reasons equally valid. The general cricketer is no great performer, and cannot

tell you *precisely* why he plays cricket. He yields *volens volens* to the fascination of exercise under the genial sun in the presence *perhaps* of admiring spectators, in the company *certainly* of cheerful friends.



Thought and care are banished from the field.

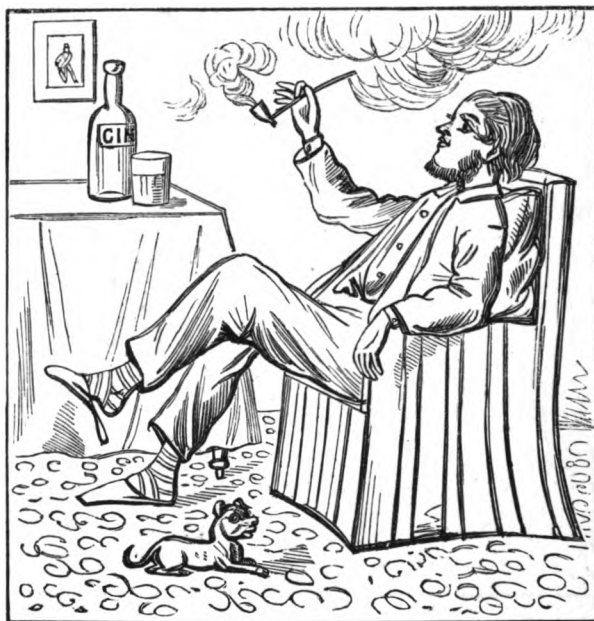
He can smoke his pipe without being reminded of "that nasty smoke again, Charles, and the dining-room curtains."



Duns may call as often as they like,

the match begins at 11 a.m., and he is not likely to return till after sunset; he rather smarts under that pair of spectacles, but his blood is not yet cold from the throb that ran through his veins when he dashed at long-leg into the crowd and made that "catch."

How artfully, for some time to come, will he lead up to "that catch"



in cricket confab! How well we know Woodcock's little game; but for all the world we would not stop him, for we sympathize in his ardour for the game, and do not grudge him one moment of gratified recollection. We have intimated before our wish that he wasn't quite so promiscuous, with such a cupboard-full of ribbons and wardrobe of parti-coloured suits. The general cricketer is frequently no mean performer in many other lines ;

He is often seen to advantage in the pigskin.



There are Canterbury tales that connect him not ingloriously with the buskin. He has been seen to smile grimly under the bearskin. He has frowned on us from under a helmet. It may be said of him, and through him of the game, that he is qualified by it, if he plays in *its* spirit, to play a decent part anywhere ; and he learns at least the value of good fellowship and good humour, and (although you may laugh) he would not exchange for the vintage of France, when out for his holiday, his simple brown bottle of ginger beer.

The Spirit.

Ginger Pop.

The Despondent Cricketer.

This is not a gay type,

Despondent.

nor is it common, but it presents, wheresoever it is met with, another cricket oddity. Despondent can have but little real pleasure whilst his match is in progress—at least *we* think not. Look at him: he is sitting—the stalwart man, in a brown study—on one of the hindmost benches. Observe his indifference to the busy hum around him; he is muttering to himself, and is absorbed in the game, which at this moment is doubtless very critical. There are 20 runs to get, and only one wicket to fall,

Fitz Fluke.

and *that*—Fitz Fluke's. Fitz Fluke is a noted swiper, entirely devoid of all sound principle at cricket. Despondent, who has the eye of an hawk, sees him lunge out at a well pitched ball, closes both optics, and ejaculates—"out." A ringing cheer proclaims Fitz Fluke's "fiver" over cover-slip's head. It was a good ball certainly, but the "run" came off instead of the "bail." So for twenty more consecutive balls, all treated in a like fashion by Fitz Fluke, Despondent only recognizes the "danger," and in a tone of agony salutes each with "out."

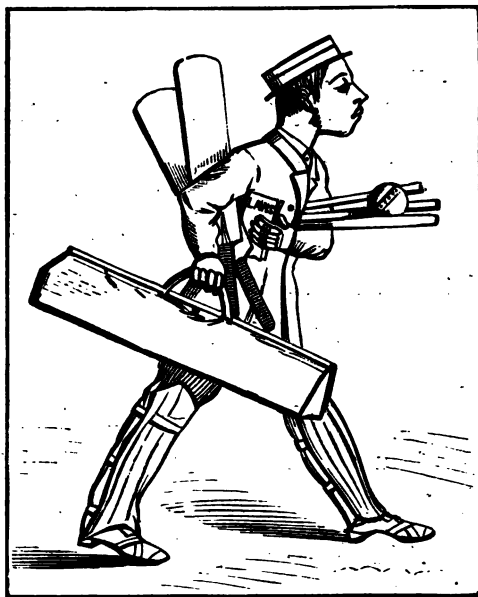
The scorers are now standing up—surely Despondent has begun to hope. No—true to his nature, until the match is won: which *was* effected by a masterly draw of F.F.'s. He has but one word on his lips, one idea *in* his mind—Is the striker “out?” Can the match be won?

The Practical Cricketer.

This gentleman is an acquisition to any Eleven. He is not often met with, but will be known by any of the following characteristics. He never promises what he does not religiously intend to perform. He seldom, if ever, misses a train, and is not above telegraphing when he does. He invariably has a “change;” a Bradshaw and an extra pair of shoes in his bag; is never without a corkscrew, shoe-horn, tooth-pick,

The Practical.

Bradshaw.



Or any other necessary adjunct or attribute of the cricketer.

He brings his own tobacco with him, but will not refuse one of your cigars if you offer it to him. He is more certain to produce a "light" than any lucifer, vestal or otherwise, wherever you rub against him; and he is invaluable in all cases of broken braces, bloody noses, or shattered shoe strings. We never knew him to be without a ball of string or a brace of pocket handkerchiefs. You may be quite sure that the wickets are swept and rolled between innings when he is on your side; we have often seen him do it himself. He is up to every, and not above any, dodge to dislodge an adversary. A favourite one of his is to go through the "manual" of bowling when he fancies a batsman is prone to back up, and then by a back-handed blow to run the unwary gent out. This, when successful, satisfies him *muchly*. Another is, to establish an understanding with the umpires, so that an appeal from him is only to be answered in one way—his way; which can always be interpreted by the most crude of umpires, if not by the sound of his voice at least by the jerk of his neck or hand. He is also a staunch friend to Mr. Judex, and will support his decision, when elicited by himself, to any amount. Take him for all in all we dont meet many like him in these shilly shally days, as he is no friend to the twelve o'clock commencement, one hour and a-half dinner postponement, and early closing re-movement, that distinguishes so many of our amateur cricket matches in these latter times. He is an early riser, and he looks upon noon as his luncheon hour, the three o'clock dinner is a weight on his stomach, and to stop at seven o'clock, when there is yet another hour's light, he deems an insult to nature, and a robbery upon the national northern pastime. We are not sure that he is not right. Our summer is not so profuse in her

One Dodge.

Artemus
Ward.

Another.

Early Closing.

The Early
Bird.

favours as to justify her being sent to bed before the "bats" are all out. Sent to Bed Early.

The Theoretical Cricketer.

This is one of the least favourable phases of character to be met Theory. with amongst our willow disciples. Happily he is seldom to be met in the field; unluckily he takes up his parable in, and may be heard at, any distance from any given pavilion. Like a vulture he scents the coming struggle from afar; in some lonely eyrie in Westminster or Pimlico he feasts on some cherished idea; and we could forgive him were he to rend it to pieces in his own haunts, and there devour it to his own heart's content. But why does he bring the bloody remains of his last victim with him to each successive battle field. Does the contemplation of the stale morsel give him greater delight than the expectation of fresh spoil from to-day's combat? We never hear anything new from our theoretical friend; and, though *his conclusions may at times be right*, they are never acceptable. He drives them into you like so many stumps, and he continues to bowl regardless of the repeated cries of "over." We should miss him very much some morning at the "accustomed spot;" and we are much mistaken when a catch is missed, Gray. or a wicket bowled, and no voice is heard to condemn the one or illustrate the other. We very much doubt if, with all his theory, he could ever have been a great practitioner in the noble game; and yet he does know a great deal, at least we have seen him extinguish many, The Extinguisher. whom we have always considered luminaries. We will not be hard upon him, for *he is*, although you may doubt it, a great friend to cricket. His

principles are sound, and if there is a flaw anywhere, it is in the "spout." The fact is there is very little theory at all in our simple game, and every theory is as liable to be upset at any moment as a member of the House of Commons, fielding without spikes *on* a slippery day *for* the first time in his life, *on* the treacherous slope of Lord's ground. We have seen the best theories often so upset; we have missed catches ourselves times without number in the most *approved style* of catching, and have caught as many more in the least; we have been bowled out with the most simple ball, and scored six off many of the best. Our experience of cricket has proved it to be as full of contrarities as an Irishman's coat is of holes, or a Scotch terrier's of fleas. We also are proprietors of a conviction that the *least* that is said about cricket theories will always be *most* acceptable to the ear.

The House of
Commons.

*Experientia
doct.*



THE SPECTATORS.



WE do not intend to let you off, my friends, although you have paid your money ungrudgingly at our gate. We mean to ask you what has brought you all here? To see the cricket match? We think *not*, for at least one-third of you don't look at it, and if you do, couldn't tell us which side was in, and, if pushed, couldn't determine in your mind which side you wish to win. You must be wonderfully fond of *something*, or you wouldn't come here so early on the chance of securing a seat on one of those rickety benches without a back to them, and sit all day exposed to the sun, mopping your brows, and turning the half-pence in your trousers' pockets. Do you mean to persuade us that you really saw that fine "cut" of Slicer's, and not *merely* the ball as it pops along through

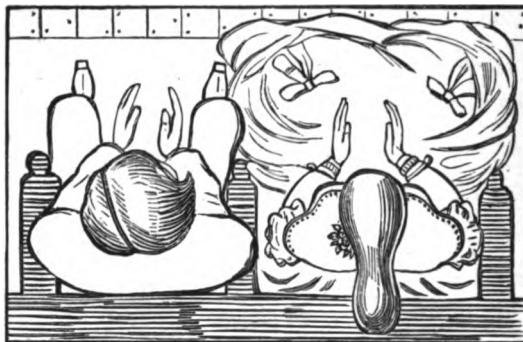
The
Spectators.

Argumentum
ad
Hominem.



The many twinkling feet,

when it becomes the object of hot pursuit to Nimble and Jerker?



Why are you clapping your hands like any delighted stage critic in the front rows at the opera?

Why do you shout so fearfully—"Run it out!"—and why do your neighbours, instead of causing you to be removed for a nuisance, strenuously aid you in converting the smiling green arena into a howling Pandemonium?

Some of these questions, and many more, were suggested to us one day, by little Pantoufle, a friend of ours, who, in our periodical visits to Paris, always escorted us to the Mabile, and other places of manly amusement peculiar to *la belle France*.

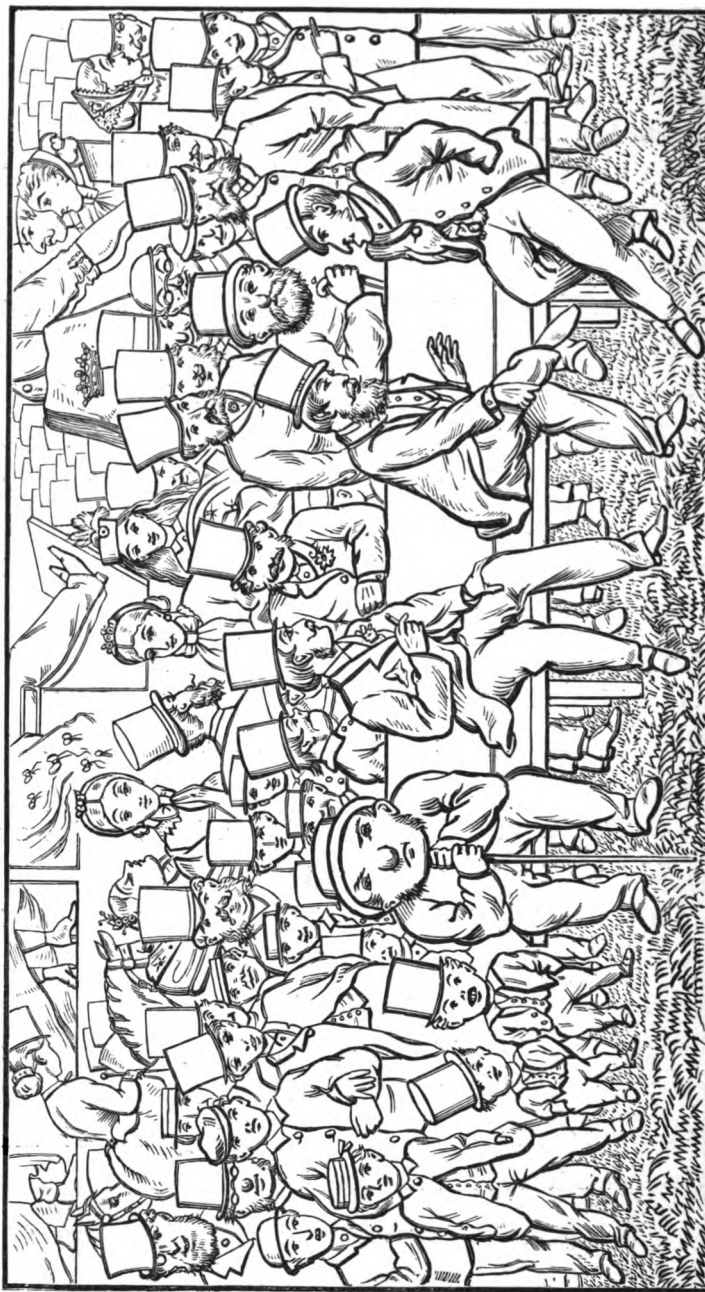
Madame
Rachel.

P. had come over to do a season in London, and finding, one morning, Rotten Row deserted, he looked in at his perruquier's, in Bond Street (we are not advertizing, or we would give you the benefit of P.'s experience in search of hair), and was told that *le monde* was gone to the

great cricket match. Now *Cricket* was an enigma to P. Snip himself ^{snip.} was no cricketer, and failed to establish satisfactorily in P.'s mind why the *beau monde* had suddenly shifted from its moorings in the Park to some unknown locality, whose charms for the nonce, as far as P. could comprehend, seemed to consist of sundry sticks of wood liable to be disturbed at any time by the hurling of leathern balls.

However, having fixed his moustache, and lit a cigar, he decided on settling the question for himself, by a visit to the great match. He had the good fortune to meet us at the end of Conduit Street, and as we ^{A Rencontre.} were also on the same errand bent, we were only too glad to make some legitimate return for all P.'s courtesies to us at Paris. We franked him to Lord's Ground on the summit of an Atlas 'bus, and ^{The Atlas 'Bus.} *en route* gave him a slight sketch of the laws, and enveloped him in the mysteries attached to the origin of cricket. He was profoundly interested in our elementary exposition (his own words), but remarked—"What is the object of your little game?"

Before we could answer he produced from a breast-pocket a small green pamphlet, bearing the significant title of "La Clef du Cricket." "I have perused," said P., "this little volume with great interest; it has entirely swept off the cobwebs that dimmed my perception of the English character.—You are not the nation of shopkeepers our great emperor imagined—you carry the military art into your games in a way I have myself astonished to discover. *Par exemple*," proceeded P.—but at this moment the 'bus stopped, and descending from the knifeboard, we soon found ourselves at Lord's Ground,



Sure enough, the whole world *was* there :

fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, brothers, and



Any quantity of sisters ;

cousins of every shade, in fact, everybody. We were curious to test the information which P. had imbibed from the green pamphlet, and so pushing our way through the carriages, we arrived at the inner ring of spectators. "Behold"—said we, with conscious pride to P—"Behold our great game of cricket. "Nom de Dieu ! que fait-elle ?" replied P.

We really thought he had at once taken an interest in the game, as it certainly was a fine piece of fielding that elicited a ringing shout.

of applause, but on looking at him, to our amazement, we saw that his eyes were fixed upon



A lovely girl,

who, though perfectly innocent of the cause of the cheering, was adding her share to the general enthusiasm, more with a view to drown the counter-cheers of a neighbouring carriage, than with any direct regard to the game in progress.

A Partial
Eclipse.

What's your
Game? No. 1.

Recovering from the partial eclipse of his faculties—"Show me now, if you please, the Crickets," said P. Our attention had also for a moment been drawn off the game by the aforesaid lovely apparition,

when we were aroused by cries of "Drop it!" "Turn him out!" and at the same moment by an interjection from P.—"Mon Dieu! est-ce que c'est la balle? Ma mère! sa dureté est extrême!" There was no time ^{*La Clef du Cricket.*} to explain, for a hasty youth, plunging into the crowd,



Precipated P. "jusqu'au milieu de la semaine prochaine ;"

and so convinced us that he had unwittingly fielded the ball, which, perforating the inner ring, had stopped at his feet.

What's your
Game, No. 2.

We lost no time, although it took *some*, in pacifying our friend, who muttered volumes against *ce jeu barbare*; with very indifferent success, at last, we grafted on his unwilling stock of *amour propre* the real nature and reason of the assault upon his person. Calmness came with a fresh cigar, and then again he asked us to show him the Crickets.

A Difference
of Opinion.

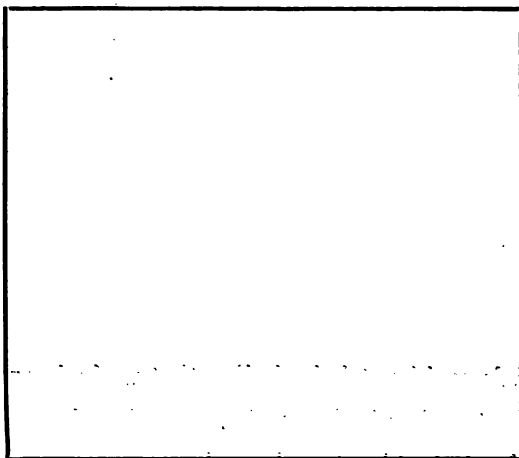
An appalling cheer behind us welcomed a tremendous "skyer," that flew over our heads, and pitched some yards in our rear. We saw only the ball, judged with our eye the distance it had travelled, and at once lent our willing throat to swell the chorus of "Well hit! well hit!" "Who hit it?" said we to our neighbour, who had been more violent than ourselves in his demonstrations—"I really dont know," said he—"I only saw it sailing over my head." "Chap at far end of the wickets!" said a lad with a blue cap. "That it wasn't," said another young urchin—"Puffles never hit a skyer in his life, couldn't do it; Buller is the only fellow who can hit like that, and he is the chap who has just got the sixer."

What's your
Game, No. 3.

"Thank you, my young friend," said we, and then turned to P., who was biting his cigar with some appearance of nervous irritation. "Glorious, is it not," we observed to him "the spontaneous enthusiasm shown by all in our purely national sport? What have you like it in France, *mon excellent camarade*?"—and here we poked him amicably in the ribs. "Mais, *mon ami*," replied P., "where all this time *is* your so great and good game of Crickets?" Before we could pretend to answer him, we were enveloped in a downright shower of cheers, where the shrill treble of the boy in the blue cap mingled with the deep bass of Uncle John, surveying the field with an opera glass. This time the "refrain" was

well caught—it certainly was a gem : long-leg had to run forty yards and caught it close to the ground. It was the *first* really good incident that *we* had actually seen for ourselves. We cheered accordingly—*not* as before, out of pure sympathy with our neighbours. In a moment of enthusiasm we patted hard on the back (as we thought) our excellent companion, P. But the exclamation, “Easy there, old gent—dont let your feelings take to dusting jackets,” convinced us of a mistake.

Pantoufle had shuffled
away—was nowhere to
be seen ;



The
Retreat.

and we had poured out our vial of enthusiasm on the broad shoulders of a young Hercules of the modern school.

This catch concluded the innings, and in a few minutes the crowd was outpoured on the ground, and the curious gazed on the wickets like

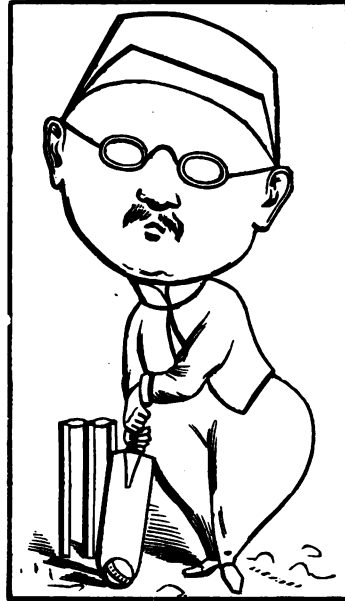
camp-followers on a field of battle—eager to pick up some evidence of the struggle,



And gratified, we presume, if they stumble upon a button or a brace-end.

We could not help feeling that we had somewhat ignored poor P., so we hastened to look for him. We found him sipping a very small glass of Anglo-looking brandy, and were proceeding to assure him of our intention to devote the rest of the day to making him acquainted with the particulars of the game. He shuddered slightly, and checked us at once by producing from his breast pocket the green pamphlet—said he, "There is more to learn in cricket than 'La Clef' has led me to suppose. In my country I have not many friends players, but two amongst them, with this my little book, have given me another quite contrary impression

of the game. One of them, Alphonse (dit le Sabreur, or Slasher),



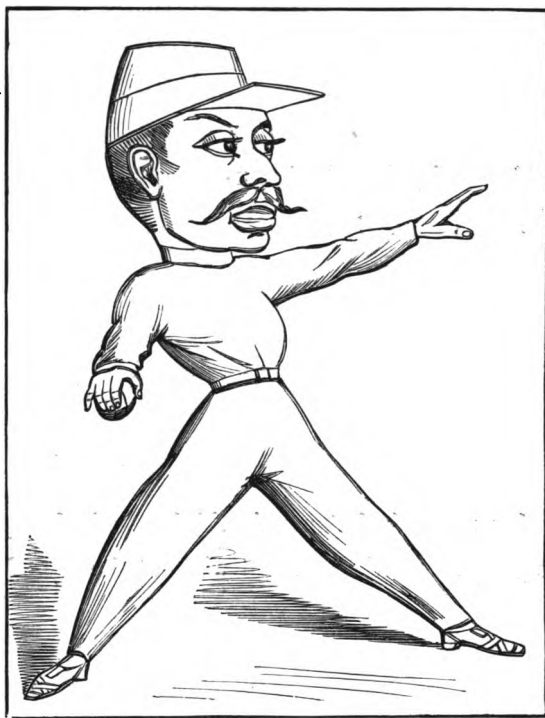
The other, M. Framboisy (dit l'Inébranlable, the Steady);

'sont tous les deux grands batsmen.' Alphonse had explained to my satisfaction the game, from the moment when at the cry of



The umpire—

'En place—l'attaque' (Field out), le capitaine assigns all 'les postes de combat,



Donnant au plus digne (souvent lui-même) la balle,'

to that when 'quelque témoignage d'estime et d'honneur, un chapeau neuf, un bat d'honneur' is presented, amidst 'des applaudissements' to the illustrious vainqueurs.

"I have comprehended 'le but principal de l'attaque'—Is it not 'de faire tomber les bails du batsman qui par ce fait se trouve "out!" (évincé mort)?'

"I have studied La Défense, I have seen mon cher Alphonse himself **Alphonse.**



Imprimer un vigoureux backdrive (arrière chasse).

"I know the duties of the bowler; I could tell you here in England many a little joke about

'Le premier bouleur du departement de la Seine.'



"I see the entire field at the umpire's cry 'traversez,' go to occupy 'du côté inverse des wickets des positions symétriques à celles qu'il occupait jusques-là !' I see



'Les assaillants courbés et presque accroupis,'

have the great trouble to intercept the ball, I see it 'glisser entre leurs doigts,' and I hear the cry still of—'Run, run!' In vain the capitaine exclaims, 'du calme!' 'steady!' I have, with Alphonse, discussed 'les différents cas de mort du batsman.' I have sympathized with the latter 'quand il met sa jambe entre la balle et le wicket,' and is given out (mort), and have wondered why 'la balle empoisonne la main du batsman quand il y touche volontairement.'

But now that we have a little suspension, and

Le marqueur (the scorer)



is making his additions, before 'la trêve est expirée,' do pray tell me is this your great game of Cricket, the veritable *jeu* so well explained in 'La Clef.' I read there, and follow with pleasure, the manœuvres of the combatants; I admire, en lisant, 'le sangfroid, le parfait empire sur lui-même,' with which 'le bouleur cherche à faire perdre au batsman.'

"I honour (en lisant) the 'discipline, décision, vigilance, agilité, et

toutes les autres qualités que demande et que donne (selon 'La Clef') le Cricket : ' but I protest, if this is really your great game, I see not *in its practise* any of these qualities.

"Can it be that the game I see is not the game I read? Where, *par exemple*, is the sangfroid of the bouleur? I have seen several tearing their hair. And where is the agility of that fat boy, qu'on appelle long-arrêt (Long-stop)? What is there in this great game to provoke so much applaudissement—this game so grand in theory, so miserable in practise?

"In all justice to 'La Clef,' I do consider he has opened no door for me, even at the entrance to my Lord's Ground, where the great Cricket is said to reside."

What's your
Game, No. 4.

"And," continued he, "what more see your belles dames et demoiselles? Is it only 'le faire tomber les guichets, le lancer à volée ou par ricochets la balle,' that makes them so full of delighted demonstration? Maintenant, my friend, where *is* your game of Crickets? Is it completely finished? And is your great and generous public hunting for truffles, that it does so examine the earth? Mon Dieu! the entire beau monde to be as much pleased as if the great French army were in review, with all the music! Eh bien, vive la bagatelle!"

A National
Idea.

*Mariage à la
Mode.*

As he was now becoming reasonable, we picked the truffles out of his imagination, and told him what it was that excited the entire beau monde. He was perfectly right in one thing: not one-third of the spectators saw or knew anything about the game itself, but *all* came to celebrate the annual recurrence of a National Idea. The British mind, male and female, had for better or worse, for some years past, wedded

itself to competitive examination, and a very weakly progeny had resulted from the union, but an elder child by a former marriage, had grown up into the hearty specimen now before us of school emulation. Fathers met here to awaken once more the memories of their youth, their sons and daughters only echoed sounds that had never died away completely in their ears. It was not so much the game itself, as the principles involved in the maintenance and support of that game, that led these thousands to come together on this occasion.

"Then," said Pantoufle, "you are all the more admirable, you English; you make your game subservient to your principles, whereas, with nous autres, principles are always subservient to our games."

P. appeared to be relieved with this little sarcasm, and added, that his only regret was, that to an insight into the principle he could not attach, from his experience of to-day, any clear notion of the great game itself.

So it is with most of you, my noble English spectators; you *Resumé.* certainly know more about it than our friend P., but we doubt very much if you often see more than he did. But we welcome you to our ground, *We come.* not only because you willingly pay whatever we ask of you, but because we know that you love and honour the principles which govern and direct our national pastime. We could not maintain it without your generous assistance, and we hope the day may be long distant, when you shall deign no more to enter our portals, and bring your sons and daughters to applaud the manly exhibition of science and pluck, that has long made cricket worthy of its name—"the national pastime."

SECRETARIES.



The
Secretary.

WE wish to do tardy justice to that invaluable type of the cricketer known to the public under the title of Secretary. We will not enter into his qualifications for office—he is always best known by his works ; and although he may not invariably receive praise when successful, we have never heard of a case where he was not abused if anything went wrong.

His Qualifica-
tion for the
Idiot Asylum.

To be a secretary nowadays to a cricket club entitles the aspirant to the best ward at Earlswood or Colney Hatch. We allude especially to the secretaries who entitle themselves honorary. No *sensible* being surely would undertake so disheartening a business as that of “trying to satisfy” the British Public for the honorary distinction of being laughed at for his pains ! No,—the man who undertakes this office in these days of increased demand for cricket, is very little elevated above the “fool.” His *existence* (if we did not know to the contrary) almost admits of doubt.

His Existence
a Myth.

We may guess at his state of mind in the summer time, when we see a long list of matches, and detect the inevitable clashing of fixtures

that must ensue ; and even if he has avoided Scylla, how about Scylla and Charybdis. Charybdis? Some fine morning of a match, when the published list of players is compared by the generous spectator with the actual performers in the field, "It is really too bad," quoths the indignant bystander, "to get us together, and charge us sixpence a head for such a delusion : Armstrong's name is down in the bill, and here we Armstrong. have Popgun playing in his stead." Of course the secretary is to blame, Popgun. and of course that worthy individual is *not* at all disappointed himself, and has had no correspondence nor trouble in the matter.

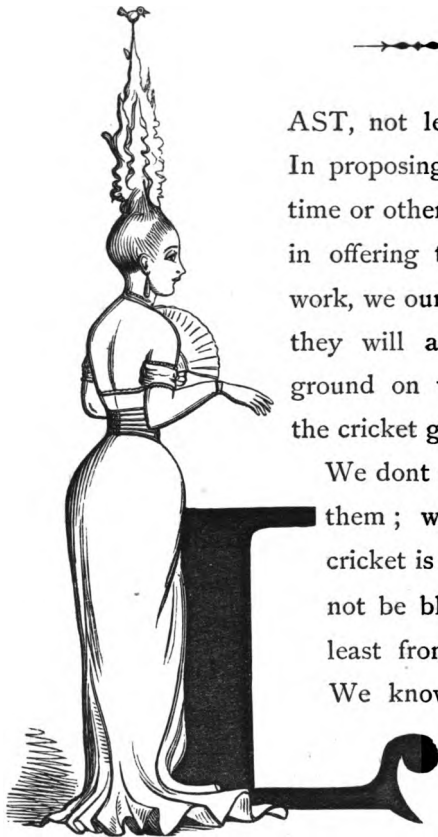
These are only a few of the summer's delights that await the secretary. Think of him in the winter or early spring, when we are all shrivelled up by the east wind, and shudder at the name of cricket. A Winter Prospect. Imagine him (if you can) arranging matches and talking over the coming season, with six inches of snow on the ground and a comforter round his neck. Cheerful prospect, is it not? Which ever view you prefer to take of him—Notus and Boreas blow hot and cold on him : Blow the Winds of the Morning. now it is a disappointed batsman—now it is an unappreciated bowler ; Bacchus and Venus. more often it is the perjured votary of Bacchus and Venus—the excuse for non-appearance, the plea for early departure. "My dear fellow, I did look out of window, and on such a morning, you couldn't—" no, of course, the secretary *didn't*, and never does, nor should, expect any gentleman to keep any promise—for on reflection he ought to know that no blame attaches to any gentleman *but himself*: and that as his office is honorary, so are his exertions for the most part his sole reward ! All the Blame and no Reward.

THE LADIES.

CRICKET *v.* CROQUÊT.

AST, not least, on our list, are "The Ladies." In proposing to them, everybody has, at some time or other, felt some misgiving, and even now, in offering to them a niche in our immortal work, we ourselves do not feel quite certain that they will accept us, especially on the only ground on which we are prepared to treat—the cricket ground.

We don't see why croquet should monopolize them; we have reason to suppose that, if cricket is fairly represented to them, they will not be blind to many of its advantages, at least from a matrimonial "point" of view. We know that it has been urged against us, that cricket is a "manly" game. Granted—but are not the ladies becoming more manly every day



The Croquet Monopoly.

Reasons.

Crinoline.

themselves? That the costume, now or lately so popular, could not

be mitigated in order to meet the exigencies of cricket, is not our "cut" a complete answer to any such paltry objection?



Can anything be more graceful?

The Whisper.
The Popping
Crease.

Mort aux
Croquêts.

It has also been urged that cricket does not admit of the same *sotto voce* substratum of tender conversation as croquêt. We reply—Where is the *Popping Crease* in croquêt?—which, after all, is the goal they aim at in all their little games. We feel confident that if cricket was better understood by the fair, it would exterminate croquêt in less than two London seasons. Let us enumerate a few only of its multifarious advantages :—

Balmoral
Boots.

1. Cricket presents a wider field for display (though we allow that croquêt possesses peculiar advantages of its own in this respect).



2. Difficulties arise at Croquêt which could never, oh never, ruffle a petticoat at cricket.

3. There is a "point" in cricket, never heard of at croquet, and ladies are perhaps not aware there are two "slips."

The Slips.

4. There is much more variety (this is a clencher), and there are situations to suit all heights and ancles. How odious are those comparisons engendered at the "hoop!"

Ancles.

5. To the votaries of long or short engagements, cricket holds out the alternative of long-on and long-off.

Longs and
Shorts.

6. For the wary maiden, there is "long-stop."

7. Mama can stand umpire, or put on the gloves.

Mama.

8. Widows are reminded, that there is in most cases at cricket a second innings.

We grant that the willow is suggestive of disappointment, but where can such *blades* be met with elsewhere? If well handled and bound in silken cord, you can do anything with them. Pray what can you do with your mallet? it is at best a blockhead. A match well made ensures good sport, and a maid well matched is oftener to be met with on the cricket ground than the prim parterre.

Weeds.

The Mallet.

We shall leave the advocates of croquet to reply at some length—of time—and whatever the verdict may be, we hope always to see on our *match* ground every fair candidate for double honours. Fair play, at least, we can promise them, even if they grant us no favour.

Hope.

Fair Play.

No Favour.

CONCLUSION.

WE are very nearly at our wits end, if we were not *there* before we started : but, like the last bright flash of the expiring rocket, we wish to culminate with some degree of brilliancy, and we care not where our "tail" falls, if in our course through the realms of space devoted to cricket we have enlightened the tyro or disabused the public of certain ill-conceived notions respecting the noble game. We are not vain enough, though not deficient in that useful quality, to suppose that we have been successful in either effort : our only satisfaction lies in the attempt.

We *are* convinced that it is high time for the gentlemen cricketers of England to assert their position, not only as patrons of the game, but as performers. We think that cricket would recover much of its "tone" if there was a more general fusion of the gentleman with the professional element. The amateur would lend to the professional that invaluable charm which "gentility" imparts to all with whom it comes in contact.—Where is the English soldier or sailor that has ever refused

to follow a "gentleman?" The professional would in return impress upon the amateur the value of discipline and regular habits—without which he could not maintain that position amongst cricketers to which he mainly owes his living.

Cricket is essentially a co-operative sport—it is confined to no class: it is *best* practised where it is most *fused*. We all deplore any schism in our noble game,—would there be any at all if *gentlemen* took a more decided part in its practise? It will cease to be the pure and genial pastime of our fathers if their sons content themselves with looking on instead of mixing with the "practical element." Let not cricket descend to the inferior grade of a gladiatorial exhibition—the trained combatant and the pampered spectator. Let the amateur go hand-in-hand with the professional, with but one object in view—the maintenance of our game on its original principle. We are convinced that the P. will not presume upon this footing: we are equally certain that if left entirely to himself he will presume upon his own.

"Let us then be up and doing" all we can to encourage the young cricketer that has chalked out this particular line for his living; and let us not leave him, when he has risen to certain eminence, to become the prey of old Boniface, and so tempt him to regard his profession as one to which money lends the greatest charm, and the pastime, *pur et simple*, the least attraction.

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